

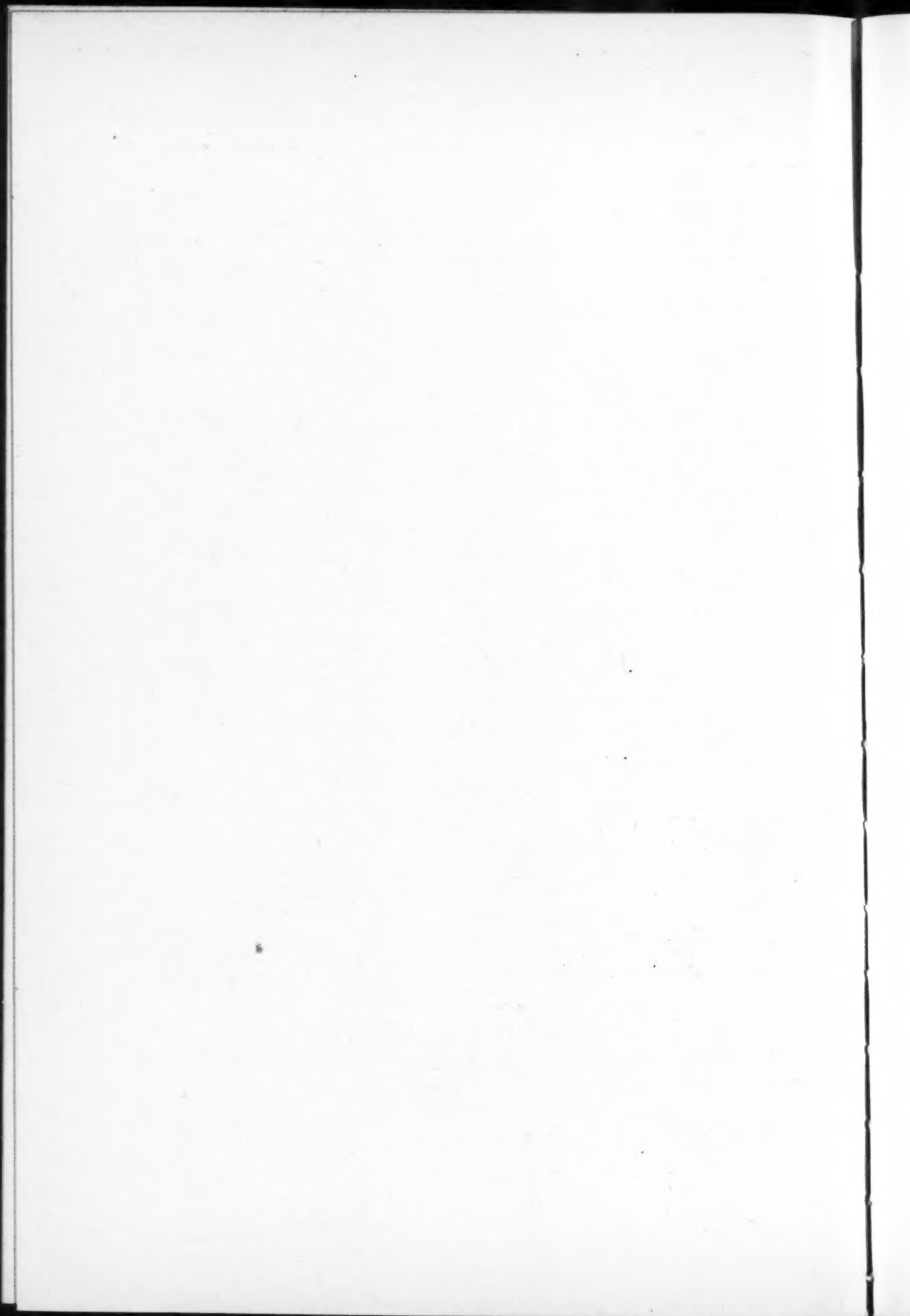
839.03
5
NOVEMBER-DECEMBER • 1917

NOV 8 1917
UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

THE • AMERICAN • SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



WOMAN'S NUMBER



CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NOVEMBER-DECEMBER NUMBER

The Swedish-American sculptor, DAVID EDSTRÖM, whose bust of Ellen Key is reproduced on the cover of this issue, will be the subject of a special article in the REVIEW in the early part of 1918.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, literary editor of the REVIEW, published in the *Forum* for October, 1911, an essay on Ellen Key, whose book *Love and Marriage* was then attracting attention in this country. Miss Larsen visited Ellen Key for the REVIEW in the summer of 1914.

FREDRIKKE SCHJÖDT PALMER, herself a Norwegian by birth, is the wife of Professor Arthur Hubbell Palmer of Yale, who shares her enthusiasm for the feminist cause. Mrs. Palmer has been a regular contributor to the *Woman's Journal* in Boston.

Professor WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, president of the Foundation, met Ibsen in the later years of the dramatist's life and established relations of personal friendship with him.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK has recently contributed numerous articles on Swedish poetry to American magazines. His *Anthology of Swedish Lyrics* is now published as the ninth in the "SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS" series.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was one of the Americans who received most sympathetic mention in Fredrika Bremer's letters from America. His poem to her shows that the Quaker poet also felt drawn to her, and the sense of spiritual kinship was mutual.

ADOLPH BURNETT BENSON, instructor in Yale University, is the author of *Swedish Romanticism* and has lectured frequently on Scandinavian, principally Swedish, topics. Dr. Benson was born in Sweden and received his first schooling there.

Dr. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN was recently the subject of many articles of warm appreciation in the Danish press on the completion of his tenth year as American minister to Denmark.

OSCAR CESARE, the celebrated cartoonist of the New York *Evening Post*, was born in Norrköping, Sweden, and still retains an interest in Swedish history and literature.

DON CARLOS BARRETT is professor of political economy at Haverford College.



ELLEN KEY

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME V

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER • 1917

NUMBER 6

Ellen Key at Strand

STRAND, Alvastra—the tourist agency in the Stockholm hotel had never heard of it and would have sent me to Alfvesta, had not Ellen Key herself given me the most explicit directions. In some trepidation I had written to her, realizing how full her life must be, yet reluctant to leave Sweden without seeing her. By return mail came the answer in her own hand, telling me what train to take, where to change cars, how to get in touch with the hotel—details that I should never have dreamed of burdening her with—and ending with the invitation to come straight to her house. The “yours affectionately and gratefully” was underscored in school-girl fashion; and the writing, with tall angular characters, was characteristic of her directness and simplicity.

The pleasant-faced matron of the tourist hotel at Alvastra met me at the station with a verbal invitation from Miss Key, and when I walked down to Strand in the evening, it was she herself who came to the door, a gracious hostess, with soft voice and outstretched hands, to welcome the stranger. An article on her work, which had at least enthusiasm to recommend it, had been my introduction to her, and her unaffected gratitude for words of appreciation from across the sea seemed very beautiful in one who had been surfeited with praise from the greatest critics of Europe.

We could have the evening to ourselves, she explained, for her niece and a party of young people were going to a dance at the hotel. She herself never went to such things, “least of all to-night”; for it was the beginning of August, 1914, when every mail brought news of mobilizations and declarations of war. Almost apologizing for what might seem callousness, she added that, although she herself could feel and think of nothing but the world tragedy, there seemed no reason to keep the young people from an evening of pleasure, or

to force them into a realization of the impending horrors before it was necessary.

As we sat on the little pergola overhanging the water, the serenity of the scene intensified our sense of the storm that was breaking over Europe.

"It is almost grating," said Miss Key after a silence, and as I looked a question, she went on, "this peace—when we think what is happening round about us."

The sound of the sunset bells came faintly across the lake from the village, where they were ringing in Sunday according to the old custom. Lake Wettern was glassy in its calm, its colors like an abalone shell, soft gray with gleams of red and green and purple. Fragrant trees closed in around Strand.

Ellen Key pointed out where she went swimming in the mornings, and her friends afterwards told me that she sometimes alarmed them



UNDER THE PERGOLA

by going out too far, but in this, as in her long walks with her dog Vild, she cares more for the opportunity to be out of doors than for any particular form of exercise. She ran lightly up and down the steps leading to the house, to water her flowers, to dismiss the boy working in the garden, to order butter and eggs, and to attend to the thousand and one duties of a good housekeeper at the end of the week. She brought a

dish of luscious red cherries picked from her own trees and was evidently proud of her garden. Her one servant being ill, she prepared supper with her own hands.

At the table some one brought up the subject of how to reconcile the duties of the home-maker with outside work. Ellen Key has always contended that no amount of labor-saving devices can take the place of the personal care given by the old-fashioned mistress of the house, and she regrets the introduction of "machine-made methods" in the home, which is the last refuge of individualism. For that reason she absolutely disagrees with the group of American feminists whose foremost representative is Charlotte Perkins Stetson, but she expressed to us her gratification that they had carried their theory out to its logical conclusion, the abolition of the private home

and the care of children by specialists in mothercraft. In Sweden, she said, women were still under the delusion that they could give themselves at once to their professions, their households, their husbands, and their children. Ellen Key is, of course, too practical to suppose that woman's sphere can ever again be limited to the spinning-wheel and the hearthstone, but she believes in adapting the new work to the woman, not the woman to the work. She deprecated long years of professional study for women and argued that they ought, in greater numbers than hitherto, find out new ways of earning a livelihood by putting to use the tact, versatility, and executive ability learned in the home. It would be an excellent thing, she thought, if a fund could be established to lend women money to start in business for themselves.

When it was time to go home, Miss Key insisted on herself guiding me through the shady garden paths, till we emerged upon the moonlit road with the hotel in sight. She gave me leave to come again in the morning, but the afternoons were set aside for the people of the neighborhood who came to borrow books; for the mistress of Strand keeps a private circulating library, the outgrowth of work begun when she was a young girl in her parents' home. Like Fredrika Bremer, she was filled with a desire to do something for her poorer neighbors, but soon realized that charity in the ordinary sense was not her vocation and that she could best serve others by sharing her intellectual resources. Not only has she always been a lender of books, but while she lived as a teacher in Stockholm she sacrificed much of her scanty leisure to giving free lectures at the People's Institute.

I found her in the morning in her favorite place on the little sun balcony, posing for the bust by David Edström, which is reproduced on the cover of this number of the REVIEW. There is about her a calm, benignant strength, with which we have all grown familiar in her pictures, but the more subtle quality of her face has eluded the camera and the brush. It is in the smile that plays about her rather thin, mobile lips, when she talks, and in the scintillating light of her eyes as she half closes them in laughing. This flitting expression, giving her face its charm



ELLEN KEY AND HER DOG VILD



THE DINING-ROOM AT STRAND

and significance, Edström has succeeded in catching better than anyone else who has portrayed her.

She playfully lamented the thinning of her bright gray hair and offered to go and put on a little cap which she thought pretty, but the artist's horrified protest stopped her.

"What are you making of me?" she asked. "I daresay my enemies will buy it."

"You have no enemies," said Edström—"only friends who love you and disagree with you. You are getting too much praise," he added with the privilege of an old friend.

"It doesn't touch me," she replied. "This old backwoods woman you see before you is the real I—not the Ellen Key the world knows."

She mentioned certain particularly vile calumnies with the smile of one who had passed beyond the point where they could hurt her.

While the sculptor worked, I strolled about the house and garden. In the hall hangs a map of Lake Wettern, with a line from Runeberg's *Vårt Land*: "*Där livets hav oss gett en strand*," which is the key to her choice of the name Strand for her villa; it is to her a pleasant haven in the evening of her life. Ellen Key was deeply attached to her childhood home in Sundsvall, and always spent her summers there until her fortieth year. It was a grief to her when her father, Emil Key, who had sacrificed his means in the liberal move-

ment of Sweden, was obliged to part with it. For many years her modest apartment in Stockholm was her only home, but on her sixtieth birthday the Swedish Government presented her with the strip of land which enabled her to realize her long-deferred wish and build a home in the country. It lies in the broad, fruitful lake region of southern Sweden, which is full of historical traditions. Only a few miles from Strand, the tourist may visit the church and cloister founded by St. Birgitta, the great woman moralist of medieval Sweden, after whom Ellen Key has often been called a "modern St. Birgitta." On the other side of the lake is Naddö, the home of Verner von Heidenstam, and the poet's name was written in red ink in the guest book at Strand—a beautiful book bound in a bit of rich old church embroidery.

Every detail of the house has been planned by its owner according to her theory that a home should express the individuality of the one who lives in it. Her personal tastes are simple to austerity, and there is a pointed absence of luxurious furniture and hangings. Large windows and quiet wall spaces give a sense of freedom and harmony. Light colors predominate, but sometimes there is a vivid touch, as in the hall, where the frieze is copied from the red and green wreaths familiar from the Swedish edition of her works—"for the books have built the house." There are few costly works of art, but almost every picture has a special significance; it may be the gift of the artist whose signature it bears, or it may express some phase in the personal life of the owner.

In her own room she has gathered what she could save from her old home. The small lady's desk seems inadequate to her voluminous work, but it was her mother's. One corner is devoted entirely to photographs of her friends who have died, and an exquisite vase stands below them. It is the room of a woman who has guarded the roots from which her own rich life has drawn its sap. In this room she writes her books, and the innumerable letters by which, in her quiet home, she keeps in touch with friends in every part of the world.

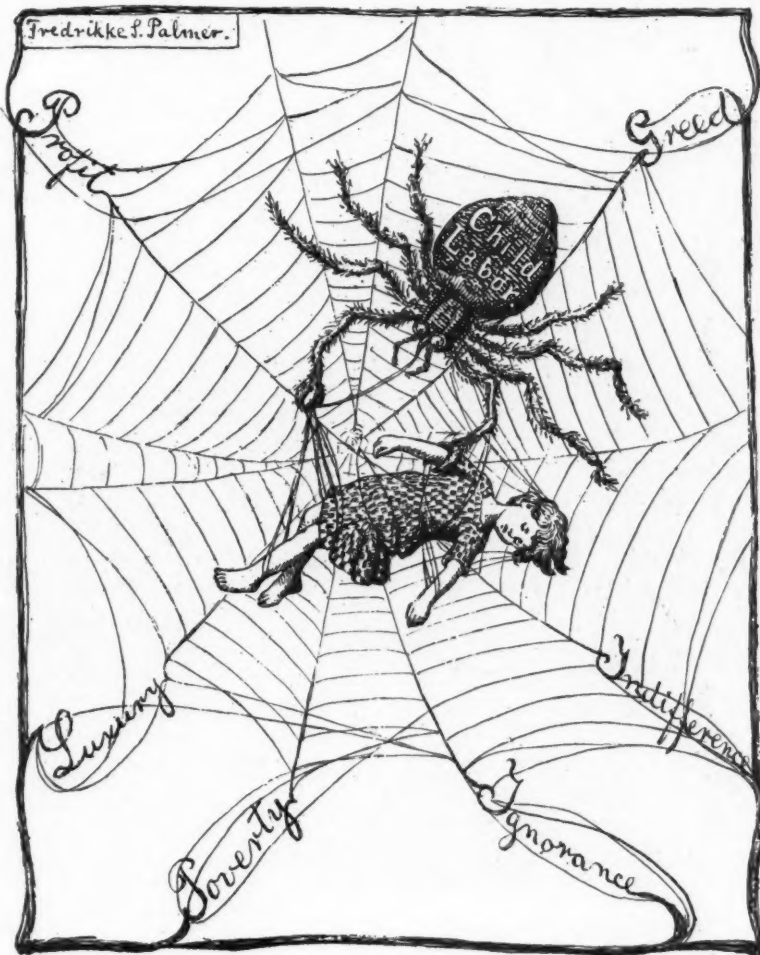
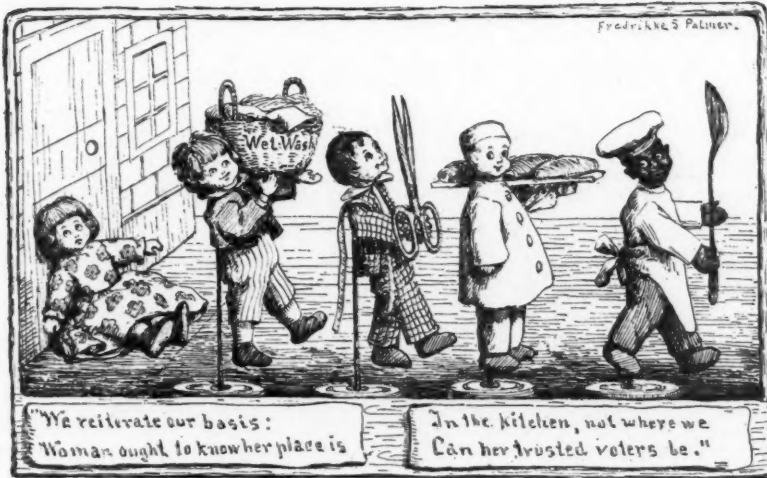
H. A. L.

Woman's Sphere in Cartoons

Drawn by FREDRIKKE SCHJÖDT PALMER



THE ABOVE DRAWING APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THE VOTE ON EQUAL FRANCHISE IN NEW JERSEY AND WAS ENTITLED "WAITING." THE UPPER PICTURE ON THE RIGHT HAND PAGE SHOWS THE MERRY PROCESSION OF MEN LABORERS CARRYING WOMAN'S WORK OUT OF THE HOME. THE ONE BELOW STRIKES A MORE SERIOUS NOTE; IT DEPICTS THE CRUEL NET IN WHICH THE NATION'S CHILDREN ARE CAUGHT, AND ASKS THE PERTINENT QUESTION: "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" MRS. PALMER'S DRAWINGS ARE REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "WOMAN'S JOURNAL" IN BOSTON.





Courtesy of the Illustrated London News
SOME DANISH WOMEN

Some Danish Women

IF YOU are a modern Diogenes, searching today for the eternal womanly, do not go to England, or to Burmah, or to Deutschland—God forbid!—but try your lantern upon the isles of Denmark. When Danish women won the suffrage by constitutional amendment, just in the nick of time, before civilization was plunged back into the middle ages, the conquest bore none of the earmarks of a victory. They had come to believe that it would be better for their country if they had the ballot; the point did not require debate, for no man thought seriously of disputing them. I do not know the biological laws, and whether it is possible for the women of a race to be stronger than the men, but if that can be, certainly the women in their quiet way are the ruling caste in the land of Denmark.

In the present short excursus, attention will be confined to a few types, four or five at most. The ruler of the Danish household in which the writer acquired the first rudiments of the language, and made ineffectual attempts to ask correctly for "oatmeal with cream," was a pastor's wife. She was near the downward turn of life, and somewhat the worse for the wear of a large family and a larger parish. The sons and the daughters had grown up in that frugal home learning to value life in a rock-bottom, democratic way. Each had chosen a different professional career, and one had elected to follow his father to the pulpit. In those midwinter months we began the day's work in darkness, the members of the family coming down intermittently to the dining-room, where the great tea urn blazed away, and a platter was piled high with crisp brown hunks of sweet, oven-dried bread. The actual breakfast, however, lay neatly wrapped and piled up on the table, one package of sandwiches for the pocket of each student in the household. The guest's *smörrebröd* were there, too, except on the rare days when he studied at home until eleven-



A DANISH PRINCESS, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, EMPRESS OF INDIA

thirty and joined the grown-ups and the daughter at the well-spread breakfast board. Dinner came at quarter of five, and supper at half-past eight; the former a solid repast, the latter a round table reception for the neighborhood.

In the evening we would all foregather in the sitting-room. The Provstinde, with her knitting, under the lamp, was the central figure. The sons, and their friends galore, sat about telling the mother all the little adventures of the day and the gossip picked up in the city. The daughter of the house sang and played, and in consequence, after the supper dishes were removed, we often had dancing on the smooth floor of the dining-room. One evening, in this intimate parsonage circle, an engagement was announced, when, to our surprise, the rector's daughter appeared arm in arm with a handsome young Danish pastor, who had been her father's favorite curate. One like the other, those quiet evenings passed by, with soft intonations and tranquil laughter, in that cozy, *hyggelig* Danish home. Sheltered they were from the great world; the terror of Prussianism to those women seemed so insurmountable that they could resign themselves composedly, praying to God and trusting in England.

One afternoon I came home too early and found another sort of party and another meal time.

The parsonage was full of matrons, each with a cup of coffee within reach, their laps heaped with white linen or towelling, every article of furniture covered with white. It was the *udstyr*, the linen dowry of the bride to be. She must be provided, not for one year or five, but for life. Danish linen does not wear out, and the linen closets are large. Hemming parties went on, week after week, and mother and daughter were perpetually sewing. Six months before the marriage, presumably, Fröken went away to a farm in remote Jutland, to the household of a cousin or a friend, where she learned domestic responsibility as servant apprentice and assistant house-keeper.

How different a person from



IN A DANISH RECTORY

these good people of the parsonage was my professional friend Miss Radical! She had never met the Provstinde. She laughingly told me that she, with her cosmopolitan ways, would be *persona non grata* in the rectory. Slight of form she was, her meagerness especially accentuated by the fur of some white polar bear which she flung about her throat. She had a degree from the



A DANISH "CO-ED" DRINKING COFFEE IN THE BEECH WOODS

University. She gained her living by her wits, by doing something at a desk, I believe, and she won her friends by the same means. Conventional in her business habits, she had not a conservative mote in her quick little mind. Shocked at nothing, she was sympathetic to every whim of modern individualism. But she did not drift; she knew her own mind and kept a straight path. And well over the crest of life she annexed a husband to her régime, a shy artist fellow, whose works only needed somebody to talk about them.

Unlike her again was another type of self-sufficient young woman. She was not her own boss; she worked in a factory, a union woman, no doubt. Labor could not suppress this lady. She burst into the parsonage one evening, her face flushed with enthusiasm, her great shock of red hair blown by her own precipitation, exclaiming her rapture over life in general and her own fortunes in particular. Dane that she was, even her work was artistic; her task in life was to paint three patterns of iris leaves on pieces of pottery, morning and afternoon. She was no particular friend of mine. In fact she



Courtesy of the London Illustrated News

DRILL BY DANISH GIRLS, THE SENSATION OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN LONDON, 1908

*After the painting by Gorm-Hansen*

MOR STINE

announced that she had come to inspect the foreign monkey. When she heard me stammer in Danish she shrieked with laughter, said it was the strangest thing she ever heard, and that "It"—in these terms she kindly referred to the American guest—"squeaked like an owl." Some days later, while crowding through Strøget, Copenhagen's congested boulevard for shoppers, where Denmark's fairest parade is seen, I met her promenading with two other girls, dressed not in the latest Parisian mode but in characteristically Danish individual creations which gave these working girls the distinction of gentlewomen. She was a rude lady, Miss Factory, but not easily forgotten.

These were city folk. Yet they resembled not a little, in their fresh Danish ways, my friend of the country, Mother Stine, who was the wife of a humble cotter in the beech woods of Sorö. Her husband depended for support partly on his government stipend as official



From a Painting by Slott Möller

WHITE ROSES

forest-runner—little running did he do, poor fellow!—and more upon his wife, but most of all upon a large daily consumption of brandy. At least that is what the boys of Sorö school thought. Every half-holiday the school boys rode across the lake to partake of Mother Stine's coffee, and seated themselves at her benches under the beech woods. Often I walked there alone for an early breakfast of coffee and flapjacks, learning en route to pronounce the Danish *r* with a spoon in my mouth, following the beech woods around the lake along a path worn centuries ago by Archbishop Absalom and Saxo Grammaticus. One evening, in pig-sticking season, with a master from the school, I went over to her cottage for a supper of blood-pudding. Mother Stine took my curious speech in good part. One Sunday she had for luncheon, "unknown" to her, no less a visitor than the American minister. We told her when it was all over, and she smiled with satisfaction, this humble friend of the great. "I knew that my guest was some distinguished friend of Denmark from abroad."

And last, if it be not



CALLING IN THE HOUSE PARTY

in poor taste in this day of democracy, may I introduce a countess? Her features are of a gentle mold, but she is quietly direct and friendly in her ways. The forward march of socialists and small land owners have made her sympathetic with the wives of the co-operative dairymen round about. At the same time she feels the obligations of her own traditional rank; her doors are open to a succession of house parties, often so overflowing that some of the guests sleep in tents on the lawn. They are cordial and genial and intimate, this Danish aristocracy. There is singing day and night, whether the order be work or play. The countess plays and leads the chorus, but she is no longer strong; many weeks of the year are spent on her bed; there is a perpetual sadness over her also; she fears more for her country than for her caste. She feels that she is a fading representative of the golden age of Queen Dagmar and the Danish ballads. But we love her, old and young. A weary country schoolmaster once told me, in a burst of confidence, how in his youth he had danced with her at a student ball over in Jutland. "She was as plain and simple as common Danish folk, but so happy and so fresh!"

H. G. L.

A Photograph of Mrs. Henrik Ibsen



SUSANNAH IBSEN

THE photograph of Mrs. Ibsen here reproduced was given to me nearly twenty years ago by Miss Estance Steen, a daughter of Mr. John Svabo Steen, Collector of Customs in Bergen, and sister of a Norwegian Minister of State. Miss Steen (1834-1898) was a very talented woman, who in her early days was intimate with the leaders of the theatrical and literary society of Bergen. After her mother's death in 1851, she kept house for her father, and it was while staying with them that her friend Miss Susannah Thoresen became betrothed to the young Ibsen. In memory of this event, Ibsen wrote the little poem I have rendered in English below, which, on April 29, 1856, he sent to Miss Steen with a copy of his play "The Feast at Solhaug" that

had just appeared. In the same year Ibsen addressed to Miss Thoresen the remarkable lines (printed among his letters) in which he refers to her as a "young dreaming riddle," on the solution of which he was then all intent.

The poem dedicated to Miss Steen was given to me by her, and was never printed until I communicated it to Mr. Halvdan Koht a few years ago. It is not in itself an important work—merely a graceful bit of occasional verse; but the circumstances of its composition enhance its value, and to all who know Ibsen's capacity for helpful, loyal friendship, and his longing for sympathetic understanding, it seems to mean more than meets the casual ear. At the time of its writing, Ibsen was unappreciated and greatly discouraged as to his future. It was not until he himself had reached a land of "sunbeam's cheer" that the flower of his genius bloomed richly. Certainly, all who have studied his works with friendly care have seen them constantly extend in beauty and significance.

W. H. SCHOFIELD.

TO A LADY WITH A COPY OF
"THE FEAST AT SOLHAUG"

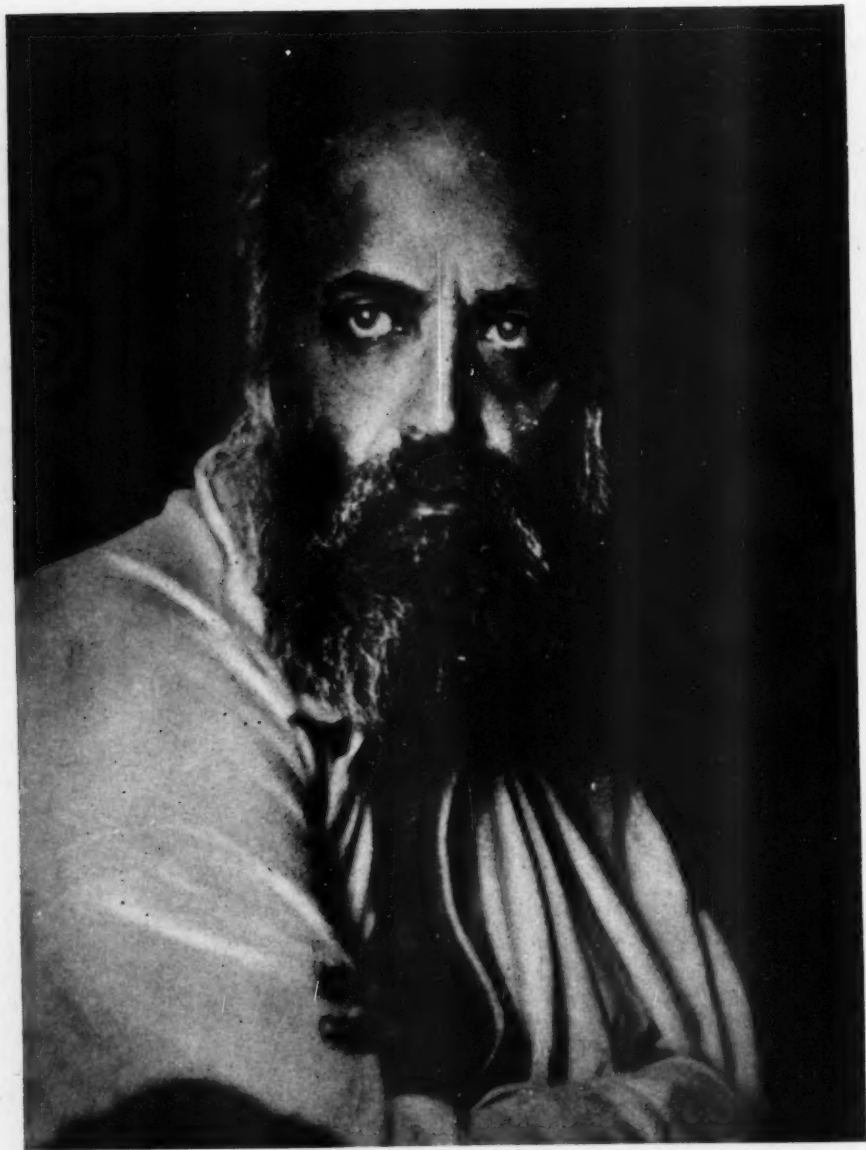
*When a man possesses a little flower,
Which he genuinely holds dear,
He puts it there where it freely can
Rejoice in the sunbeam's cheer.*

*But the world of art has also plants,
Growing flowers large and small,
Which crave the light and the sunbeam's cheer
To extend their blossoms all.*

*My little book is to me a flower,
Which I genuinely hold dear;
I send it there where it freely can
Rejoice in the sunbeam's cheer.*

*I send it there where I hope, yea know,
It will find the care of a friend.
The best sunbeams are a springtime mood—
You will make its bloom extend!*

H. IBSEN.



GUSTAF FRÖDING

Courtesy of Vecko-Journalen

Contemporary Swedish Poetry

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

IN THE work of the great poets, from Bellman to Fröding, the admirer of Swedish literature has access to a wonderful array of lyric achievement. Few languages can show as rich a harvest in a similar period. From 1775 to 1900 Sweden and Swedish Finland produced six or eight poets of the first rank, besides a splendid body of verse by writers less individually famous. Even English literature from Wordsworth to Swinburne can hardly lay claim to superiority. But in considering Swedish poets of the past we must not forget the merits of those who are still living and actively sustaining the reputation of their country. It may be conceded that we find no such group as that of 1870-1900, including Rydberg, Snoilsky, Fröding, and Levertin; but it is still a question whether there is not as much good poetry being written to-day as at any previous time in the history of Swedish literature.

The great outstanding figure is, of course, Verner von Heidenstam. Born 1859, his first volume of lyrics appeared in 1888, his second in 1895, so that he would appear to belong chiefly to the last generation. This is not true, however, as his third collection, *Nya Dikter*, published in 1915, contains his most powerful and mature work. He began with poems of travel and of introspection, original but too abstruse to have a general appeal. In the *Dikter* of 1895 he turned from Italy and the Orient to Sweden, but his expression was still involved and complex. In the *Nya Dikter* he unites the sincerity and intensity of his former poems with a wider vision and a more lucid style. It is to this volume that he owes his recent increase in popularity and, to a large degree, his just claim to the honor of the Nobel Prize.

Most important in the *Nya Dikter* is the national note. Heidenstam has previously shown love of his birthplace in such notable pieces as "Home," "Tiveden," etc., but it is only here that he addresses himself to Sweden as a whole. The six poems included under the title "A People" are a superb expression of patriotism and a stirring adjuration to his country to revive her ancient glory. Even finer perhaps is the invocation at the end of "A Day":

Go forth, go forth, thou new-born day,
With morning-song and hammer-play,
And let not fear come o'er us!
Kindle brave strife, our hearthstones guard,
Send, lightning-like, a spirit sword
To flash the path before us!

*Shine far above our folk and land,
Make rich our soul, make firm our hand,
So that with gladness we may bear
The years that age may bring,
And still as sowers onward fare
Into the world's new spring!**

What wonder that, with such virile optimism as this, Heidenstam has become as the voice of Sweden to the Swedish people?

Other aspects of the poet, however, call for notice in so varied a collection as the *Nya Dikter*. In "The Burial of Gustaf Fröding" Heidenstam pays a worthy tribute to the greatest of his contemporaries. His personal philosophy appears in such remarkable imaginative pieces as "Setting Out on the Journey" (*Begynd Vandring*), "The Dove of Thought," and "Alone by the Lake." In these the sombre tone of his earlier poetry is at times transfigured by a glow of new-found faith. There is greater calmness and beauty in his vision of life. Take, for instance, his short poem "At the End of the Way."

*Wise, O man, thou only shalt become
When thou winn'st unto the evening coolness
Of the topmost height, the earth o'erlooking.
Turn thee at the ending of the way,
Rest an hour, O king, and look behind thee!
All is clear there, all is reconciled,
And the realm of youth once more is gleaming,
Strewn as erst with light and morning dew.*

But pre-eminent as Heidenstam undoubtedly is, he has a close rival in Erik Axel Karlfeldt. The two are excellent complements, one of the other, Heidenstam being a poet of power and Karlfeldt a poet of charm. The former is an intellectual, a philosopher; the latter is a poet not only for the people but of the people. Karlfeldt was born in 1864, and his fame dates from the publication of his *Fridolin* poems in 1898 and 1901. In delightfully musical verse he pictures the scenes and characters of his native Dalecarlia. Sturdy pride in his peasant heritage, simple religious faith, love of nature, and kindly humor are his chief emotions. He has a purity and tenderness of sentiment that suggest Tennyson, but in general his genius is more robust. He has a vivid pictorial sense and a precision of phrase which rank him as an artist among the best in Swedish literature. Withal there is a fresh, unconscious quality in his lyrics; they correspond to a good definition of poetry in that they seem to be

*Verses translated in this essay are from *Anthology of Swedish Lyrics* (SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS IX), The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1917.

less heard than overheard. As an example we may quote a stanza from "Naught Is Like the Times of Waiting," which has been somewhat freely rendered to give the sense of the original.

*Best the lover's time of waiting,
Of betrothal ere the mating,
Spring has naught so captivating
As a hidden sweetheart fair.
Seldom with her, soon asunder,
He will dream the strange wild wonder
Life so soon for him may bear.
Golden fruit, let others shake it,
Mine be not the hand to take it,
For my garden I'd forsake it
When the trees are budding there.*

Most attractive of Karlfeldt's work are the two volumes gathered into one under the title of *Fridolin's Poetry*. Fridolin is the typical Dalecarlian, the worthy descendant of good old peasant stock. He does not, however, do more than give the general tone of the volume. Other characters appear: a farmer's household, a vagrant, and historic figures of Dalecarlia's past. Quaintly original are the poems included under the sub-title *Dalecarlian Pictures in Verse*. Here we find various religious scenes represented with rustic simplicity by the native artist. For instance, Elijah is carried to heaven in a brand-new cart, while a green umbrella rests upon his knees. Yet we are not made to forget the real piety of the feeling thus crudely expressed. Karlfeldt's humor is, above all, genial. He says of himself:

*My muse dwelleth not on Parnassus,
Her home is on Pursemaker's Nest.*

But with characteristic local pride he maintains that his poetry may be none the worse for its homely origin. More delicate than *Fridolin's Poetry*, both in conception and workmanship, is the poet's most recent volume, *Flora and Pomona*, published 1906, but it has not quite the simple appeal of his peasant lyrics.

Karlfeldt may be considered the head of a group to which critics have given the name of home poets. In other countries literature has come back to the soil; in Sweden its roots have never been torn up. By home poetry is meant, of course, not merely the celebration of the fireside, but the embodiment of native traditions in general, in most cases the revival in the poet's imagination of childish or youthful memories. The authors in this class are too numerous to be described here in detail, though many of them might well be made the

subjects of separate study. Ola Hansson, in the first of his "Songs of Home," is carried back to old associations by the sight of a local newspaper, so that he feels

*A subtle perfume from that dingy page upcoil,
Sweet as scent of budding flowers, strong as
scent of field and soil,
And a rich, pulsating music seems to billow
through it all,
In whose quiet swell is mingled song of lark
and lapwing's call.*

No less compelling is such a poem as Sten Granlund's "Snow at Christmas" (*Julsnö över bygden*), which pictures the days when

*Life is as fair and rich as a story
Woven of starlight and song.*

The prolific Daniel Fallström, who in his long career has written almost every kind of poetry, may also be classified as a home poet from his fine descriptions of Stockholm and the sea coast. A note of social unrest sounds in the vigorous lines of Karl Erik Forsslund, a rural socialist. Most winsome of all the group is Oscar Stjerne, who is particularly happy in his poems of child life. It is impossible to refrain from quoting the first stanzas of "The Little One Smiles":

*While we are still drowsing
In stillness complete
My wee one is rousing:
Good morning, my sweet!*

*She rustles and flutters
In white little bed—
A twittering she utters
Like birds overhead.*

*For now she's but making
The soft chirping sound
Which stirs in the waking
Green valleys around.*

Since the advent of Strindberg there has been an increasing amount of socialistic verse, much of it pulsing with earnest conviction. In this division is numbered K. G. Ossian-Nilsson, a poet of high quality in every respect. He presents the suggestive idea that

the tyrant type is beneficial to progress, because it stimulates mankind to active resistance. This is the underlying thought of a striking poem entitled "Bismarck." Something like the Single Tax theory is embodied in the following lines of "A March for Youth":

*This land here is our own, where idly other men sprawl,
This is the land we cleared, we settled and ploughed it all.
On to strive for our rights! As sure as we're Swedish men,
If they have filched our land, we'll conquer it back again.*

Another rising socialist bard is Ture Nerman.

The remaining poets of the younger generation can be roughly classed as esthetes, individualists, or cosmopolitans. They represent the exact opposite of the home poets. To them their own moods and feelings are the only things of paramount importance. Well-read in the literatures of other languages, they are apt to treat life at second-hand and to be eclectics in style. Some derive from the classics, but most of them choose their models from among contemporary English, French, and German authors. They possess no strong autochthonous flavor and might conceivably belong to any country of Europe. It must not be denied, however, that they have added greatly to the beauty and variety of Swedish poetry. Color, originality of thought, and felicity of style characterize the poets of the group. Yet with all their freedom, they have not seen fit to break the bonds of rhyme and meter by entering the domain of free verse.

Most dignified among the cosmopolitans is Per Hallström, a member of the Swedish Academy, who is in many respects similar to Heidenstam. He was born in 1866 and was given a training in science. From 1888 to 1890 he worked eleven hours a day as chemist in one of the great Chicago factories, which gave him a sufficient dose of American materialism to last for a lifetime. On returning to Sweden he quickly developed his talent for literature and won success in the lyric, the novel, and the drama. He is particularly noted for his imaginative sketches in prose; as a prose stylist, indeed, he ranks close to Heidenstam. The somewhat conscious precision of his utterance makes him rather less happy in verse, where more abandon is required. He describes Swedish scenes and writes an occasional patriotic poem, but without the forcefulness of Heidenstam or the intimacy of Karlfeldt. Still he has imaginative beauty, elevation of thought, and clarity of style. His strongest affiliations seem to be with the English romantic poets, especially Keats and Shelley.

Wistful grace is the prevailing note in such of the younger poets as Bo Bergman, Anders Österling, and Bertil Malmberg. All of them escape from the tyranny of the present into an atmosphere of dream, and what they lose in power they partly make up in delicacy. Many

of them have a tinge of neo-classicism, such as that of Tennyson's "Oenone" and Stephen Phillips' "Marpessa." They write odes to Plato and the Greek gods. Their mortal loves are esoteric and ethereal. As we read them we think of Verlaine and Dowson and Symons.

More lurid is the genius of Bertel Gripenberg, a young Finnish nobleman. With glowing color he depicts the glories of sin. To his goddesses, Delilah and Salome, he burns incense after the manner of his kind from Catullus to Swinburne, but there is no mistaking the genuineness of his own passion. One is not surprised to find that he has translated Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." However, no living English poet has written anything to equal the fervor of "Drink!"

*My heart is rich as a brimming cup
Of gold and of rubies fine,
My heart is rich as a brimming cup
With fiery sparkling wine.*

*The wine it foams with a lustrous glow,
It shimmers with purple gleam;
The warm drops heave till they overflow,
And down o'er the edge they stream.*

*For thee the luxuriant clusters bled,
For thee is the goblet filled,
For thy sake the wine so sweet, so red,
In the gold-shining cup is spilled.*

*So lift the cup in thy hand so white
And drain it with eager smart!
Drink, drink of my seething youth's delight,
The foaming must of my heart!*

Gripenberg has many, perhaps too many, associates in this field, but no rival.

In the foregoing sketch I have attempted a brief account of the activities in present-day Swedish poetry. There have been many omissions, both intentional and unintentional, in so limited a treatment, but some idea has, I hope, been given of the strong and varied interest which the subject offers. There is poetry of fine accomplishment for every taste, and in rich measure. What contemporary literature besides that of Sweden contains two living poets of the first rank and at least a dozen equal to the best average of any other country?

Three of Our Friends



VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD



GRETA LINDER

REVIEW READERS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE A PICTURE OF MRS. HOWARD, WHO DID THE BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF MATHILDE WREDE IN OUR FIRST YULE NUMBER. MRS. HOWARD IS NOW AT WORK ON SELMA LAGERLÖF'S "JERUSALEM, PART TWO." SHE WILL NEXT BEGIN THE TRANSLATION OF HEIDENSTAM'S "KAROLINERNA" FOR THE SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS SERIES.



ELLEN GLEDITSCH

THE FOUNDATION IS PROUD OF ITS TWO WOMEN FELLOWS. ELLEN GLEDITSCH, (1913-14), IS "DOCENT" IN THE UNIVERSITY AT CHRISTIANIA. THE CAMERA HAS CAUGHT HER JUST AS SHE WAS LEAVING THE CAMPUS OF SMITH COLLEGE WITH AN HONORARY DEGREE AS DOCTOR OF SCIENCE, CONFERRED ON HER IN 1914.

GRETA LINDER, (1916-17), IS WITH THE ROYAL LIBRARY COMMISSION AT STOCKHOLM. SHE HOLDS AN ADDITIONAL SCHOLARSHIP FROM THE FOUNDATION TO PREPARE A LIST OF SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS FOR AMERICAN LIBRARIES.



FREDRIKA BREMER IN 1850

To Fredrika Bremer

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

*Seeress of the misty Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold,
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,
Which thy fathers sought of old!*

*Soft as flow of Silja's waters,
When the moon of Summer shines,
Strong as Winter from his mountains
Roaring through the sleeted pines.*

*Heart and ear, we long have listened
To thy saga, rune, and song;
As a household joy and presence
We have known and loved thee long.*

*By the mansion's marble mantel,
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and northern fancies
Meet and mingle with our mirth.*

*And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night-watch, long and still,
Shine they like thy sun of Summer
Over midnight vale and hill.*

*We alone to thee are strangers,
Thou our friend and teacher art;
Come, and know us as we know thee;
Let us meet thee heart to heart!*

*To our homes and household altars,
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,
As thy loving hand has led us
O'er the threshold of the Swede.*

A Meeting in Havana

By ADOLPH BURNETT BENSON

"JENNY LIND is actually on her way to America! A terrific welcome awaits her; she will be lucky if she escapes with her life! The fame of her beneficence and her fine disposition, still more than that of her powers as a singer, have opened all hearts and all arms to her, and an angel from heaven is not so perfect as people imagine Jenny Lind to be, and would not be half so welcome."

So wrote Fredrika Bremer in a letter from Brooklyn, August 23, 1850. On September 24, she wrote again from Chicago:

"Jenny Lind is in New York and has been received with American furor—the maddest of all madness. The sale by auction of the tickets for her first concert is said to have made forty thousand dollars. She has presented the whole of her share of profit from that first concert to benevolent institutions of New York. Three hundred ladies are said to besiege her daily, and thousands of people of all classes follow her steps. Hundreds of letters are sent to her each day. Ah! poor girl! Hercules himself would not be equal to that."

In this way it happened that two of Sweden's greatest daughters were on American soil at the same time. Fredrika Bremer had been in America a year and had already seen whatever was most worth while in the northern states west of Chicago. She was the foremost novelist of Sweden and, like Jenny Lind, her fame had preceded her

to this country, where all well-informed Americans had welcomed Mary Howitt's translation of her works with unbounded eagerness. They had proved, also, that they were ready to give the foreign authoress, as their guest, the best that an American home could offer. "Everywhere throughout this country," Miss Bremer wrote later, "in the South as well as in the North of the United States, I meet with the same cordiality, the same incomparable hospitality." In fact, she herself had been almost done to death by this country's kindness and felt that she needed Herculean strength to endure it all. Many notables of both sexes besieged *her* daily, many were the promises of visits and favors that she had been compelled to break, many the invitations that she had been obliged to refuse. And what a splendid group of great men and women in America, in 1850, to receive her! Scores of admirers wanted her autograph; at least one newspaper man pursued her up the Hudson River and wanted the sole right to print what she thought and wrote in America; hundreds shook her hand and asked innumerable questions. She understood the meaning of it all and was profoundly grateful, even when physically exhausted by so many favors.

Fredrika Bremer—to give a brief characterization of her visit in America—was interested in all forms of human endeavor and studied American conditions in all their complexities. In this she stands out preëminent as a forerunner of the educated woman of to-day. There was, first of all, a "spiritual kinship between her and the austere idealists of New England"; so she had established a close and helpful friendship with them. She had been entertained by Emerson—which was an inspiring honor to her—and by the Lowells, and, according to her own testimony, had partaken of Professor Longfellow's good wine. She had made friends of Washington Irving, and of Hawthorne, who called her a withered little briar rose still retaining the perfume and freshness of morning. She had met Henry Ward Beecher and the Channings; she had talked with the botanist, Asa Gray; she had listened to the "Conversations" of Alcott, had heard Bayard Taylor tell of California, and had talked peace and war with the celebrated blacksmith and linguist, Elihu Burritt. She had heard Theodore Parker preach and had interviewed Quakers and Shakers, Unitarians and Trinitarians. Before Miss Bremer finally left America she attended Socialist meetings and inspected prisons and lunatic asylums. She made a sketch of an Indian chief, taught the Americans Swedish games, and played Swedish polkas for them. She met the president and vice-president of the United States, spent an evening with Webster, interviewed Henry Clay, and attended the funeral of John C. Calhoun. She studied the German settlements in the Mississippi valley and the Scandinavian in the north-central states, and, showed, I believe, a keener interest in the negro race than

any other woman with the exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Yet Fredrika Bremer had come principally to study the position of women on the American continent. It was here that she sought successfully the inspiration for the movement which she inaugurated in Sweden for the advancement and emancipation of her sex. As a well-to-do girl, she had suffered under the intolerable restrictions placed upon her, and resolved to free her own personality and, if possible, that of her Scandinavian sisters. Although she could not be called militant in the modern sense, she demanded with vigor and courage that women themselves should have something, if not everything, to say about their own future, and that the women who, like herself, chose to remain single should be allowed to earn an honest living independently of men. As it was, she had not been allowed to expend her energies even in doing good.

Miss Bremer looked to America for conditions that approached her ideal. Consequently we see her directing her special attention toward the home, toward the educational institutions for young ladies, and toward those women who had gained a name as independent individuals. She met Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, and Mrs. Sigourney; she traveled with Anne Lynch; she attended Fanny Kemble's readings on Shakespeare; she was present at an examination in a ladies' seminary in the South, and visited, not without criticism, the Female Academy in Brooklyn. Nowhere, she believed, did young women have such opportunities to follow their own inclinations and make themselves productively useful as in America. Nowhere else were women treated with such chivalry by men. Encouraged by her American observations, she boldly formulated her ideas in *Hertha*, spread them among the people of her own land, and thus became the first great Swedish propagandist of feminism. She encountered, quite naturally, bitter opposition at first, but she persevered in her liberation of the Swedish spinster, and lived to see the beginnings of the reforms which she had so zealously advocated. She well deserved the beautiful tribute to "Mamselle Fredrika" in Selma Lagerlöf's *Invisible Links*!

As a spectator and a student, seeking mental recreation and collecting material for a vast enterprise, Fredrika Bremer moved from place to place in America with as little ostentation as possible. Her genius and mission were everywhere acknowledged, but, under the circumstances, her reception by the people of the New World, however enthusiastic, could be only of a comparatively quiet and private nature.

Then came another countrywoman, nineteen years her junior, whose spectacular welcome by the American public surpassed all imagination and for a time threatened to eclipse the glory of any aspirant to greatness, whether foreigner or native. What would be

the attitude of Miss Bremer toward such a reception? Swedes and we Americans of Swedish birth or descent are said to have a jealous disposition, especially toward members of our own race who are acclaimed more than we. Miss Bremer's reception had been as genuine as that of her Swedish sister, but how different in form! Could it all be explained by the difference between a novelist who appeals more to one individual at a time and a public singer who appeals to the masses? It was Fredrika Bremer who, meeting Jenny Lind in Stockholm some time before, had "predicted for her a European reputation." Jenny Lind was Miss Bremer's standard by which she measured all American exhibitions of the histrionic art. Yet the character of the welcome in this case might easily dazzle even Miss Bremer's expectations. She had hardly dreamed that people would stand in the pit of a theatre, amid great suffering and even personal injury, to listen to any singer, as Englishmen had done in London when Miss Lind sang there. And now she saw New York run mad.

As Miss Bremer continued her journey through the States, she followed, in the press, Jenny Lind's triumphant march. Everywhere the people sang her praises, and the newspapers divided their space about equally between Jenny Lind and the new Slave Bill. People ate "Jenny Lind herrings"—it is to be assumed that they smoked Jenny Lind cigars—and the first words of an inhabitant of St. Paul, as he returned from New York and entered Governor Ramsay's office, on important business, were: "Governor, I have heard Jenny Lind!"

Fredrika, however, saw no rival in her countrywoman and felt no petty jealousy toward her tremendous success. She attributed it calmly to the character of the American people, who were born enthusiasts; and therein, she believed, lay the germ of their future greatness—even though the enthusiasm at times might degenerate into absurdities. Moreover, Jenny Lind had found in the distinguished author of *The Neighbors* a staunch champion of her own ability and character. Discordant notes were heard even in America against the Swedish singer. Although New Orleans, as a city, made very sympathetic and elaborate preparations for Jenny Lind's arrival, the French constituent discounted her rank as a singer and the success of her concerts. In reading Miss Bremer's account of the matter we see how deeply she takes Miss Lind's side against her adversaries. The newspapers of the West, who had no first-hand information, attempted to ridicule the reception given by New York to the Swedish artist. Miss Bremer read in one newspaper: "Our correspondent has been fortunate enough to hear Jenny Lind—sneeze. The first sneezing was a mezzo-tinto soprano, the second ditto, the third he did not hear, as he—fainted." Whereupon Miss Bremer replied from the banks of the Mississippi: "I can promise the good Western people

that they will become as insane with rapture as their brethren of the East if Jenny Lind should come hither."

This is an example of the spirit that we should expect to find in a woman of Fredrika Bremer's type. Like the American people, she saw in Jenny Lind not only the singer and giver of money but primarily the young woman as an ideal type of her sex, who, in spite of earthly triumphs, looked up to "something higher than all this, higher than herself."

A climax of the beautiful relation between the two souls was yet to come. It came, strangely enough, on Cuban soil, in Havana. There Fredrika Bremer met Jenny Lind in the beginning of February, 1851. It was undoubtedly unexpected to both, but all the more pleasant. Here the two women, both thoroughly Swedish, poured out their hearts to one another, and the foreign soil drew them closer together. What a meeting it must have been! Here the eminent observer, thinker and writer met the most acclaimed living artist of her kind. Both were true philanthropists. Both were alike in the nobility of their aspirations, and both had attained international fame, but differed essentially on some fundamental aspects of life. They talked of Sweden; they took drives together in the beautiful grounds near Havana; Jenny Lind sang, "unasked," for her friend, and they discussed matrimony and domestic life. The singer was inclined to give up her itinerant theatrical career to lead a quieter and "profounder" life, and in fact married soon afterward, but Fredrika doubted that it would satisfy her soul.

When Miss Bremer arrived in Havana she learned that Jenny Lind was still there. She wrote a few lines to her, dispatched them at once by a young Swede, and went upstairs to go to rest. "But scarcely had I reached the top of the stairs," writes Miss Bremer in her *Impressions of America*, "when I heard a voice below mention my name. I looked around astonished, and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood a lady holding by the balustrade, and looking up to me with a kind and beaming countenance. It was Jenny Lind—Jenny Lind here, and with that beaming, fresh, joyous expression of countenance which, when once seen, can never be forgotten. There is the whole Swedish spring in it. I was glad. All was forgotten in a moment which had formerly come between her and me.* I could not but instantly go down, bend over the balustrade, and kiss her. We talked about old friends and old connections in Sweden—nay, truly speaking, we talked of nothing else—honor, reputation, wealth, all which she had obtained out of Sweden, did not seem to have struck the least root in her soul.

"In certain respects I could not entirely agree with her; but she

*This would seem to indicate that there had been some little unpleasantness between them before, hence the greater interest and importance of this meeting.

was always an unusual and superior character, and so fresh, so Swedish! Jenny Lind is kindred with Trollhättan and Niagara, and with every vigorous and decided power of nature, and the effects which she produces resemble theirs."

Their parting was particularly touching and sympathetic. Jenny Lind left one evening for New Orleans, accompanied to the harbor by her friend. She felt unhappy, looked pale, "and said little." Nothing could cheer her. "She scarcely looked at my poor roses," says Miss Bremer, "although they were the most beautiful I could get in Havana; when, however, I again was seated in my little gondola, and was already at some distance from the vessel, I saw Jenny Lind lean over the railing toward me. And all the beautiful, regular countenances of the West paled below the beaming, living beauty of expression in the countenance which I then saw, bathed in tears, kissing the roses, kissing her hands to me, glancing, beaming a whole summer of affluent, changing, enchanting, warm inward life. She felt that she had been cold toward me, and she would now make amends for it. And if I should never again see Jenny Lind, I shall always henceforth see her thus, at this moment, always love her thus."

What a mutual tribute this parting really was! It proved of great moment, also; for after 1852 Jenny Lind, as Madame Goldschmidt, spent most of her life in England and another opportunity like that in Havana never came.

The War Bride

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

*She ploughed before her neighbor's door—
Her neighbor's man had died in war;
Though she had never ploughed before,
It seemed the action brought her grace,
And made the weary waiting less—
Oh, waiting! And, oh, loneliness!
Above the field the bombs had swept,
And 'neath its furrows cold men slept—
"The kindly Spring will soon efface
The wounds that war's unsparing hand
Has given this poor widow's land.
When my man comes, he'll find no trace
Of blood and death; so be it, God!"
And, praying thus, she turned a sod,
And saw her husband's face.*

—From the *September* Scribner.

Copyright, 1917, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sentences from Camilla Collett

CAMILLA COLLETT is still pre-eminent among the feminist writers of Norway and indeed of all Scandinavia. She had not Fredrika Bremer's sweetness and poise, not Ellen Key's broad humanity, nor Selma Lagerlöf's optimistic faith, but she pos-



CAMILLA COLLETT AT EIGHTY

essed in a greater degree than any of them the power of a great indignation born of suffering. There was no pain of womankind, from the social pin-pricks dealt the lonely gentlewoman to the daily beatings of wives in the slums, which did not wring her heart. Wherever women were victimized the iron entered her soul, and thence came her bitterness. External conditions meant nothing to her except in so far as they rose from contempt of womanhood or callousness to women's misery. Her interest in the vote remained always perfunctory. Her first important work and only novel, *The Governor's Daughters*, published in 1855, was a protest against

the meddlesomeness that forced young girls into loveless marriages. *From the Silent Camp*, published in 1877, contained a brilliant analysis of that false feminine ideal which, she claimed, permeated the greater as well as the lesser works of European literature. With her genius for probing to the core of the matter under discussion, she found the source of this ideal in a perversion of the Christian doctrine of patience and long-suffering, enjoined by the Bible upon men and women both, but later relegated to the weaker sex, and degraded into a poultice for the vices of the stronger. Yet she sees hope of a new day dawning in such books as Jonas Lie's *The Pilot and His Wife*, J. P. Jacobsen's *Marie Grubbe*, and Ibsen's later plays.

H. A. L.

Christ is the greatest reformer humanity has ever known, because he is the only one who has based his doctrine on the equality of men

and women, the only one of them all who has made their joint responsibility into a law When we consider the numerous repetitions, it is but little in point of quantity that the apostles have told us of the life and teachings of Christ, and we may well believe that in particular the sayings of the Master relating to women have been lost, since they must have been least intelligible to his contemporaries. Yet that which remains to us is worth gold and precious stones; every word is a jewel. Not one single sentence from the Saviour's lips sanctions the generally accepted oppression and inequality.

Who has created such feminine types as Ibsen? We must go back to the sagas to find their equals. In Solveig we see the silent wasting away in brooding over the vainly expected and long since lost—lost through her own failure to act and shape her destiny. Such is the lot of thousands of women in our land, and therefore we ought perhaps to be all the more moved by it. No, we refuse to be moved by it any longer! We turn in disgust from this wrinkled, grief-worn faithfulness, which has been sitting with hands crossed and eyes fixed on one point, waiting for—Peer Gynt, the aged Peer Gynt, egoism in its decrepitude, when, weary with its own gorging, it finally totters homeward. The sorry figure yonder is not Solveig the fair whom we met in the dance. *She* turned in horror from the despicable one. That sorry figure is our own precious, homebred womanliness, which has survived itself and sits waiting for the wizard whose magic wand is to restore it to health and strength—and this wizard, this liberator, is none other than Ibsen himself. Ay, Ibsen. What was in his mind and heart when he conjured up these dreary shadows of our womanhood, himself shrinking from them? His later works must give the answer. With what enthusiasm did we not greet Ibsen's women in his historical dramas! In them devotion was tempered by will and character; they not only obeyed but laid down the law and shaped events; they not only gave, but received; they forgave, but as a queen forgives, not as a whipped bondwoman.

In Björnson, too, we meet splendid women of the past, but as soon as he descends through the ages, all that was strongly marked and characteristic melts away, until it is rounded off to fit our modern conception of woman in her relation to man—the humble cipher to his dominant figure.

One-half of womankind trained to serve the whole gamut of the autocrat's lower passions, the other half set aside as a guard of honor about him; daughters fading in conventual seclusion or wives and aunts, veritable dragons of propriety, insuring his social prestige and

dignity. Such is the relation between man and woman in the high state of civilization we have reached. How has it been possible for degeneration to reach such a pass? The answer is easy. The injured party has once for all been secured as ally and accessory by—it is terrible to say—assuring her in the misused name of God that it is his will she should suffer and be silent. So it has come about.

A French author has said: "Women have but one source of experience: their love is their intelligence, their faith, their genius, their emancipation." Very well, we ask none better. But if that is true, our love itself must be emancipated—that is, rescued from barbarism and bondage. Then protect, oh, humanity, this first flower of our life; for from it all blessings must ripen! Pay heed to its growth and its fruit. Do not lightly disturb the fine heart-leaves in the stupid delusion that the later, coarser leaves are good enough. No, they are not good enough. There is as much difference as between the tea we ordinary earth-dwellers drink and that quaffed by the ruler of the Celestial Empire, which is the only real tea. This is harvested first of all, and is so delicate that the pickers must wear gloves after first washing their hands forty times, I believe.

All men imagine themselves Pygmaliions who can easily breathe life into the statue when the time comes for it to descend from its pedestal. But marriage will hardly kindle love; on the contrary, it needs a goodly portion to last through it.

Her heart-life stimulated by everything about her, by the books she is given to read, by flattery, by solitude, by idleness. It has been stimulated to unnatural growth, like the liver in certain unfortunate animals which gastronomy has selected for its victims.

The left hand constructed precisely as the right, but simply lacking practice. The oft-emphasized inferiority of women, what is it but the clumsiness of the undeveloped left hand?

A woman of fine nature is always cultured, no matter to what class she belongs. Not so the man, who to a much greater degree takes the stamp of his class.

The scaffold was the only elevation she was allowed to ascend.



FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE IN A FOOD DEMONSTRATION IN MALMÖ

Crying for Bread

SINCE the embargo went into effect, on July 15, hardly any American grain has gone to Scandinavia, and at this writing the Exports Council has not yet indicated what it means to do with the shiploads consigned to Scandinavia and now held in our harbors. The need over there is crying. The Swedish Government has expropriated the 1917 harvest and is doling out bread rations of 200 grams a day for each person. Let it be remembered that 500 grams a day is a normal ration for a worker, and that 600 grams is not considered excessive in Northern countries, where people depend chiefly on bread and butter for two of their three meals, and where manual laborers are used to a lunch consisting almost entirely of sandwiches. The crowd before the courthouse at Malmö, pictured above, is only one of the demonstrations by which the people have tried to force the Government to give them more liberal rations. Petitions have been circulated, and in some instances riots have taken place. In reply, the Government can only point to the empty granaries. Hjalmar Branting summed up the situation when he said: "Remember that revolution never grew a pound of potatoes."



Courtesy of the New York Evening Post

ROOT THEM OUT!

St. Birgitta of Sweden

SWEDEN has produced several women leaders of both national and international prominence. Through the work and personality of Birgitta, this was as true in the fourteenth century as it is today. Both from the viewpoint of practical teachings and of moral and religious culture, this female saint was unquestionably the most influential and most noted character and writer of the whole Catholic period in the Scandinavian North. She was keenly interested in politics and had inherited an extreme fondness for law and order. She was proud and ambitious and, in the execution of her plans, adopted an attitude of persistency and independence that would have done credit to a woman, or indeed a man, of several centuries later; in her day and land it was nothing less than heroic. She had the courage and good fortune, as Strindberg expresses it, of telling princes and other high dignitaries the truth without being stoned to death. A vast amount of literature in many tongues has grown up around this Swedish character and is found all over the civilized world. Some of it has reached America, and the Yale University library has about forty titles under the name of Birgitta, including well preserved manuscript material from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In modern times, Heidenstam has drawn an ideal picture of her in his story *Heliga Birgitta*.

Birgitta, who was born about 1303 in the province of Uppland, became the wife of a lawyer and the mother of eight children. Her father, Birger Persson, from whom she derived the diminutive Birgitta, was an old-time *lagman* and nobleman of great piety, and the home atmosphere of law and religion, together with her own strong will and imagination, explains much in Birgitta's conduct. Her whole life was characterized by a certain severity both toward herself and others, though she never took the veil. In the words of the Bishop of Salisbury: "She was much too independent to enter a monastery, for while she desired to live by rule she did not wish to live under rule."

Birgitta found a sympathetic companion in her husband, Ulf, to whom she had been married at thirteen, and over whom she exercised a strong influence. Together they made a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James in Spain, and upon Ulf's death, immediately after their return, in 1344, Birgitta devoted herself to religious work. In order to obtain the Pope's sanction for a new religious order which she desired to establish, she left Sweden for Rome, probably in 1349, never to return. Her request was granted in 1370 by Urban V, whereupon she carried out a long-cherished wish to visit Palestine. She returned to Rome, where she passed away in July, 1373. She was canonized with great ceremony only eighteen years later.



ST. BIRGITTA AND HER DAUGHTER ST. CATHERINE. TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY CARL LARSSON, WOVEN BY HANDARBETETS VÄNNER IN STOCKHOLM FOR THE QUEEN OF SAXONY, AND BY HER DONATED TO A CHAPEL IN DRESDEN

Birgitta's canonization, later contested but also confirmed, was based not alone on the constancy, sanctity, and beauty of her personal character, but first of all upon her frequent visions. These were either written down by herself in Swedish or dictated to her confessor, who put them into Latin, excluding anything that had a heretical tendency. These "Revelations," by their warm piety, their realistic and figurative language, their genuine feeling for the Holy Virgin, and their fearless attack upon the hypocrisies of the age, soon gained a European fame and were ultimately translated into all the important languages. Though always a zealous Catholic, she spared neither the court—which she may have observed at first hand—nor the clergy, and because of this effort of regeneration, Birgitta is often regarded in Sweden as a progenitor of Protestantism.

Birgitta is not only the first great representative of religion in Sweden, but the greatest figure in the history of Swedish culture before the Reformation. "She desired to be the equal of the great men whose foundations had given them such renown and reputation for saintliness as to dim the glories of conquerors and statesmen." To attain this end, and with a sincere desire to better mankind, Birgitta founded the famous Order of the Holy Savior at Vadstena. It was unique in being a double-cloister, first and principally for women, but also for men, with a very practical and well-defined code of regulations. Through the work of this convent she exerted a wide-spread influence and became the inspiration of educational and religious writings for centuries to come. The members of the order were not to devote all their time to inactive meditation, prayer, or fasting, but were to receive instruction in various branches of learning and to promote agriculture and home industries, among which lace-making has survived to our day in Vadstena.

The order "did great service to Sweden and even to England. The mother house of Vadstena was the center of the religious life of Sweden and of its higher education. To it we may ascribe a great influence in forming the noble character of most of the Swedish ladies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; for those who were not educated there were almost as interested in the convent of Vadstena and on friendly terms with its inmates. So deeply rooted was Vadstena in the affections of the people that it lasted throughout the period of the Reformation and was not closed till 1595."

Other houses of the order sprang up all over Europe. Some of these have survived down to the present time, and others, as in Spain, have been revived. There are still two in Holland and one in Bavaria, while the nuns of Syon as late as 1910 kept up a small house in Devonshire. We may truly say that Birgitta represented all that was good, useful, and beautiful in Catholicism.

Editorial

**Spurlos
Versenkt**

"We protest against the person or persons whose unusual procedure has created the uncomfortable and difficult situation in which the Swedish colony today finds itself, and we express the most complete disapproval of these measures on the part of Sweden, which violate the most sacred rules of neutrality." Such is the statement reported to have been issued by the Swedes resident in Buenos Aires, after the publication of the three messages containing military information for the German Government, forwarded by the Swedish Legation in Argentina and the Swedish Foreign Office. To the spirit of this resolution we heartily cry "Amen!" By this policy of helpfulness to our enemies, and these definite acts of unneutrality, misguided officials of the Swedish foreign service have uprooted years of patient toil on the part of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and other persons and agencies who are devoting a life labor of love to establish a more cordial and intimate fraternity between the Swedish and the American peoples. What now does our admiration for Swedish art amount to, long taught by exhibition after exhibition, or the introduction of Selma Lagerlöf to thousands of our schools? What matters the soundness of limb which we owe to Swedish gymnastics, and our debt to John Ericsson and Dalén and other inventors? For the moment our gratitude is swept away by our just anger that accredited representatives of the Swedish people have given military comfort to our enemies. Repeatedly Swedish diplomats whose own hands were clean have assured us of Sweden's irrevocable neutrality. We have approved! We do not urge Sweden to enter the war on our side. But these protestations are rendered ridiculous in the face of such evidence of long countenanced unneutrality.

We compliment Mr. Lindman, the Foreign Minister, for his prompt, complete, and unasked acknowledgment of what had gone on under his own direction, and that of his predecessor, Mr. Wallenberg. Candor is one of the fine qualities that Americans admire in Swedes, even when directed against our way of thinking. We are informed that this particular grievance ceases forthwith. But such acts are not dead matters of office routine. They spring from the heart, and the heart of no few intellectuals of Sweden, judges on the bench, captains of industry, not to mention army officers and representatives of the nobility, is revealed in one ghastly flash of the limelight to be on its knees ardently praying for our defeat and for German victory. We are fully conscious of the other side of the question. We have seen that proud Swedish heart stung to the quick by the pin pricks of petty British arrogance, the opening of Swedish mails in England, the detention of Swedish ships. Yet Americans have borne the same

and have forgiven; we have forgotten lesser trials in the face of the criminal horrors that shocked our souls and drove us slowly but irresistibly, after nearly three years as spectators, to plunge into the bloody vortex of the crusade against all that we as a democracy abhor.

Happily the cloud brightens daily. There is nothing that an American Foundation can do in the present situation. The only medicine to heal the wound must come from the Swedish people. Every utterance of Branting, every friendly expression of disapproval from the Liberal, Radical, and Socialist press of Sweden, every seat won from the Conservatives, every resolution passed by the unanimous chorus of loyalty from Americans of Swedish birth, gives us assurance that the great heart of the Swedish people beats true to the pulse of justice. Time will tell. It may not come to-day or to-morrow, but the world forces of democracy, which some day will beat down Prussian militarism, will overwhelm likewise the discordant military bureaucrats of Sweden, and all the old political forces whose doctrine is "might makes right" shall be with them *spurlos versenkt*.

The Swedish People Speak

The elections recently held in Sweden are a stinging rebuke to the party that has lent itself to German intrigue. The people have seen that the Conservative leaders who won them on the issue of nationalism three years ago, are Teuton rather than Swedish in their allegiance, and they have found the bureaucracy which is closely bound up with the Conservative forces guilty of bringing disgrace upon them. They have remembered that Swedish ships, as well as Norwegian and Danish, have been *spurlos versenkt* by the submarine commanders who have not even scrupled to attack innocent Swedish fishermen plying their trade on the Scandinavian coasts. The loss of twenty-eight Conservative seats is plain language, and yet the result cannot be taken as a complete index of shifting sympathies, since the elections were well under way before the news from Argentina had a chance to penetrate throughout Sweden.

The great significance of the gain made by the Liberal and Socialist parties lies in its bearing on the electoral reforms that have been a part of their programmes for years. It should be remembered that the first chamber of the Riksdag in fact represents the property-holding classes. Its members are elected by the county and town councils, which are chosen by the taxpayers under a system of plural voting graded according to the income of the voter. A rich man may thus have as much as forty votes. Moreover the candidate for the first chamber, in order to be eligible, must own real estate valued at not less than 50,000 kroner or have paid taxes for three years on an income of not less than 3,000 kroner.

The new election law passed in 1909 extended the local franchise

so that even the small taxpayer has at least one vote in electing the bodies that determine the complexion of the first chamber. The second chamber is elected by universal male suffrage and is in the widest sense representative. Peasant farmers have always held many seats, and of late there has been a startling influx of the labor element. The Liberal and Socialist parties, acting together, intend to force the issue of the complete democratization of the first chamber also, and no doubt the electoral reforms will include suffrage for women, to which both parties are committed. They also demand second chamber parliamentarism on the British pattern, by which the cabinet would resign automatically upon the defeat of its party at the polls. The continuation of a Conservative government in the face of a Liberal and Socialist majority in the Riksdag would thus become impossible.

There is no doubt of the ultimate victory of these measures. We hope it will come soon enough for the Swedish people to make felt their growing sympathy for the anti-German forces.

What of Finland? Chaos reigns in Finland. In the first flush of enthusiasm for the revolution, the Diet proclaimed itself the supreme power in independent Finland. Kerenski answered by dissolving the Diet and warning the Finns against attempting to settle their own fate apart from Russia. Recent Norwegian newspapers bring reports of atrocities committed by Russian soldiers in Finland, such as riding down women and children for sport, kidnapping women in full daylight and carrying them off to be ravished in Russian barracks, driving away citizens who were attempting to put out a fire, and so on.

Kerenski's action does not seem in keeping with his own principles, but in justice it should be viewed in the light of the events that preceded it. Hatred of the Czar's government made many Finns willing tools of the Kaiser, and with their aid an invasion through Finland was prepared. Thousands of young Finns—one rumor says ten thousand—made their way to Germany and entered the Finnish Battalion to fight against Russia. On the other hand, the old Russian government carried on a system of espionage by which hundreds of Finns were employed to shadow their own countrymen. The noblest citizens of Finland were thrown into prison for a careless word, or for nothing at all, and languished there for months without a trial. Naturally the Finns were thereby driven into the arms of Germany.

The bomb plots unearthed by the police in Christiania and afterwards in Stockholm and Copenhagen are a link in the German-Finnish intrigues. Von Rautenfels and almost all his helpers are

Finns. It is a satisfaction to find no Swedish name among them. The Northmen ever preferred open methods. But not so the Finns. The *Kalevala* heroes gained their ends by magic where the men of the sagas hewed their way with the sword. So modern Finns seem to turn naturally to the black arts of chemistry: bits of coal in which a single red spot betrays explosives powerful enough to blow up a ship when the unsuspecting stoker shoves them onto the fire, pencil boxes in which the pencils are cunningly fashioned mines, crayons made of carborundum grains for mixing in machinery oil, loaf sugar with tiny tubes full of glanders culture imbedded in the white cube. These were some of the things brought into Scandinavian cities and carelessly left about for the destruction of innocent neutrals. They were brought by Finns who have passed through the Northern lands unsuspected, trading on the sympathy of all Scandinavians for their unfortunate countrymen.

Chips of the Old Block

Americans of Scandinavian blood have not forgotten the traditions of the Civil War, when the Fifteenth Wisconsin took its place high on the roll of honor of American regiments. It is claimed on good authority that Scandinavian immigrants gave a higher percentage of their numbers to the Union army than any other group of our population, native Americans not excepted. And now we learn that in the cradle of Norwegianism, Decorah, Iowa, the Norwegian settlers have sent a larger quota of their boys to the American army than have any of their neighbors, while the Swedish Augustana College reports one student in five enlisted. Our friends in the Middle West have been slow to admit the necessity, but their country once definitely embarked on a war they have been quick to give in measure full and running over.

The East, too, has done its share. The first name on the list of killed in Pershing's expeditionary force was that of Lieutenant Frederick Wahlström, a Swede by birth, and since 1903 a soldier in the United States Marine Corps, where he had an excellent record. Another Scandinavian American who has given his life is the brilliant young aviator, Sergeant Leif Barclay, the son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Barclay, who are well known in the Norwegian circles of New York. Barclay served in the French Flying Corps with great distinction.

The list of those who have gone to serve their country is too long. We can only mention those closely associated with the Foundation. Two of the trustees have entered the service, Mr. John A. Gade as naval attaché in Christiania with the rank of lieutenant, Consul Oscar H. Haugan as a captain in the new National Army. Dr. S. B. Hustvedt, author of the second SCANDINAVIAN MONOGRAPH, and

Dr. Henning Larsen, one of the first group of scholars of the Foundation, have both received commissions in the Officers' Reserve, the former as captain, the latter as lieutenant.

Scandinavian Programmes We are glad to note the beginning of a systematic study of Northern subjects by American women.

An example worth following is that of the Woman's Club in New Britain, Connecticut, which devoted the whole of last season to the study of Northern culture and achievements. Meetings were held weekly, sometimes in public and sometimes in the homes of the members. The latter prepared papers on various topics, when materials were available, and on other occasions engaged speakers who were specialists in the field. The introductory lecture on Scandinavian institutions in general was given by the Secretary of the Foundation; Dr. Christian Brinton spoke on Scandinavian art, Professor A. H. Palmer on the three dramatists, Björnson, Ibsen, and Strindberg, and Dr. A. B. Benson on "Some Women in Swedish Literature before 1850." Special consideration was, naturally, given to women. One afternoon papers were read on Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlöf, while Jenny Lind shared the honors of another day with Grieg. The subjects were by no means limited to art and literature, however, but included explorers, domestic handicrafts, and folk-dances.

A New Foundation A public-spirited citizen of Bergen, Consul Conrad Mohr, has established a Foundation which is to bear his name and is charged with the duty of administering a fund of 1,000,000 kroner. The interest is to be used for travelling fellowships to be distributed in five different groups: writers or students of literature, painters and sculptors, journalists, actors, and persons wishing to make practical or scientific studies of Socialism. Consul Mohr has been especially impressed with the wisdom of making each fellowship as large as possible and has, therefore, decided that only two in each group shall be awarded in one year, with the possible exception of those given to students of Socialism, which may be divided among four when the committee finds it desirable. The fellowships will, as a rule, amount to 4,000 or 4,500 kroner and will, we believe, be the largest available in Norway. It is particularly gratifying, in a time when industrial pursuits absorb so much of the young enthusiasm of his country, that Consul Mohr should have chosen to use his wealth in support of the purely cultural values of art and literature as well as social study.

Current Events

Denmark

¶ A Food Commission of six experts has been created to regulate production and distribution throughout the country. A new Corn Law has been passed authorizing the Government to appropriate the entire harvest of wheat, rye, and oats, amounting to 950,000 tons. The use of grain for fodder has been strictly forbidden except in a few carefully specified instances. Farmers have been advised to kill three-fourths of their hogs, in all a million and a half animals, leaving only one-half million to keep up the stock. Cattle are to be pastured as long as possible and then butchered. The intention is to leave only enough cows alive to furnish the domestic market with milk, and all export of dairy products must cease. People are told to salt and dry meat in their homes and to return to the old primitive methods of living before the development of modern international trade. The use of flour is so scrupulously regulated that many bakers have been fined for selling too large loaves. The vigilance of the law has reached even the zoological gardens at Copenhagen, which have been forced to part with the "vegetarians" among their animals. ¶ The Scandinavian countries are trying, so far as possible, to supply one another's wants, but unfortunately all three have a surplus of animal food, and their mutual aid can only take the form of exchanging Danish and Swedish meat for Norwegian fish. Scarcity of breadstuffs is common to all, in spite of the efforts to encourage agriculture. It will not be easy for modern men of sedentary habits and delicate palates to return to a diet of salt pork and beef. ¶ The municipality of Copenhagen has laid in a supply of coal sufficient to distribute six hektoliter to each household. This amount will be delivered at a price of thirty kroner, which can be paid in installments. ¶ The cement factories have been obliged to shut down for lack of coal. The country has been put on rations of fuel as well as of food, and fines are exacted for all waste of heat, light, or water. ¶ Former Minister of Justice Alberti, who was sentenced for graft, has been released after nine years' imprisonment. His term did not expire until December, 1918, but his excellent record as a prisoner led to his being pardoned. ¶ An espionage central has been discovered in Copenhagen conducted by a representative of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, known either as Wedstedt or Walter Wilhelms. It was found that he had reported the sailings of vessels by a system of light signals. As Denmark has no law to deal adequately with such cases, the only punishment meted out to him and his assistants was banishment from the country.

Sweden

¶ The composition of the new second chamber in the Riksdag will be as follows: Regular Socialists, 86; Liberals, 62; Conservatives, 58; new Agrarian parties, 12; extreme or Young Socialists, 12. Before the election the Socialists and Conservatives were about equal, the Liberals holding the balance of power and acting, usually, with the Socialists under the leadership of Branting. The latter have now grown to be the strongest group in the chamber, even if we leave out of consideration the Young Socialists, who are, in fact, more akin to anarchists. At present this little group has no strong leader and is not likely to exert great influence on legislation. It is clear that the regular Socialists and Liberals, if they continue to act together, will be all-powerful in the second chamber, but they will have to reckon with the Conservative first chamber. ¶ The Government has decided that 175,000 head of cattle must bite the dust in order not to deprive the people of the scanty grain supply. It was hoped that the slaughter could be postponed till fall, but drought and poor pasturage made it necessary to begin wholesale butchering in July.

¶ Since September 1, foreigners desiring to enter Sweden have been obliged to show a pass. The object is to stop the invasion by strangers, who help to consume what little food Sweden has saved for her own people. ¶ The City Food Commission in Malmö was the first to start public kitchens in Sweden. Two of these have been working very successfully and have sold about 1,800 portions a day. As this proved insufficient, the Richter brewery has been equipped to cook 6,000 portions a day. The food is to be distributed from five centers, which are to supply factories and other places where many people are employed. The kitchen will be the largest in Scandinavia. ¶ A new kind of war beer is being produced with a very low percentage of alcohol. The breweries are not allowed to make beer with more than seven per cent. of malt. ¶ According to official statistics, living expenses have increased 51.9 per cent. since 1914. The greatest increase is in the price of fuel, which has risen 90 per cent.; next comes food, with 73.7 per cent., and clothing with 70 per cent. ¶ Steps are being taken to prevent the exportation of Swedish workmen to belligerent countries, where they have often been lured by promises of high wages. The measures are aimed particularly at the emigration which it is feared will take place after the war. ¶ Three Swedish fishing-boats, valued at 20,000 kronor each, were destroyed by a German submarine off the coast of Norway. The German Government defended the act by asserting that British submarine chasers sometimes appeared in the guise of fishing boats.

Norway

¶ The Storting has been alarmed by the purchase of large sections of land by men who are not bona fide tillers of the soil. The most noteworthy example was that of Dr. Sam Eyde, who bought a dozen farms in Norre in Jarlsberg for the purpose of demonstrating what could be done with modern machinery and intensive cultivation. The Storting, however, took the position that "gentlemen farmers" were apt to tire of their experiments, and that the land must not be allowed to pass out of the hands of the small freeholders, who have always been the backbone of Norwegian population. A law was hastily passed making the transfer of cultivated land illegal without the consent of the King, and it is probable that the matter will be dealt with again by the Storting in its next session. Curiously enough, the Socialists opposed the measure on the grounds that large holdings will facilitate the ultimate public ownership of land.

¶ A serious strike in the coal mines of the Norwegian Company at Spitzbergen will no doubt diminish the amount of fuel that the country counted on for the coming winter. The workmen took a threatening attitude, seized the wireless plant, and tried to hinder the landing of ships. The Government sent the public arbitrator to attempt a settlement, but his efforts failed. When the company learned that the workmen belonged to a syndicalist organization, they put all but fifteen on board a ship and sent them back to Norway. In spite of all difficulties, a considerable amount of coal has been taken out. Four shiploads arrived in Tromsø on August 21, three of which were consigned to the Government. ¶ A new industry was born in Norway with the launching of the first concrete ship built for commercial purposes at the Porsgrund Cement Works. It was built at a cost of 375 kroner a ton, while the construction of iron ships at present is estimated as not less than 700 kroner a ton. A peculiarity of this type of ship is that it is launched bottom-side up and rights itself in the water. ¶ Several hundred men of the military force have been ordered out to cut wood in the state forests in preparation for the expected fuel famine in the coming winter. The cost of coal, even when it can be obtained, is absolutely prohibitive. ¶ The *Thorunn* has been returned to Norway after being held in Swinemünde since last May. The load of hay which it was carrying for the Norwegian Government to starving cattle in Nordland was still intact but very much the worse for the enforced voyage. ¶ The labor party of Norway has split into two factions. The radical "Young Socialists," whose leader is the editor, Martin Tranmael, met in Thronthjem in the last days of July and declared in favor of military strike and direct action. The national organization of the labor party repudiated the action of the meeting.

Books

THE NORTHLAND EDITION

THE WORKS OF SELMA LAGERLÖF, in nine volumes, for the first time in a uniform limp leather binding. Each volume net \$1.75; the set boxed net \$15.75. At all bookstores. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. 1917.

Selma Lagerlöf, the Swede, has now won a place in America beside Ibsen, the Norwegian, and Hans Christian Andersen, the Dane. Her works have been crowned by a "uniform edition." The appearance of nine volumes in their neat standard dress, five translated by Mrs. Howard, four by other women, was the occasion of a "Lagerlöf Day," celebrated recently in New York City at Chickering Hall. When the writer went to Sweden for the first time eight years ago, aflame with zeal for the works of Selma Lagerlöf and eager to see the great authoress herself, all but a few of his American friends considered him an erratic enthusiast who thought he had discovered a great novelist in some out-of-the-way language. "Why is it," Dr. Lagerlöf asked, "when my books are read everywhere in Sweden, when they are translated and praised abroad in Russia, Germany, and France, that they are so little known in your country? I suppose it is too much to expect; it is only the great authors who are able to 'come through' so far from home." Now one can scarcely go to a dinner party without finding a sympathetic spirit eager to discuss *Nils*, or *Jerusalem*, or *The Emperor of Portugallia*.

What has brought about the change? There are, no doubt, three chief factors. The first is an efficient publisher. In America much depends on good management, on persistent publicity, even in exploiting the best art. Since her present publishers, the public-spirited institution at Garden City, have taken an interest in the works of Selma Lagerlöf, her fame has been assured. The second factor is a translator. The works which Mrs. Howard has done into English have succeeded as no other translations into English from the Swedish. As a friend of Miss Lagerlöf and an artist she is enabled herself to pass through the temperament of creation and to reproduce the original in essence as well as verisimilitude. Mrs. Howard is no mere artisan translator. She goes over her page not once but a dozen times, and the result is not a labored performance but a work of real art in strong and confident prose. The third factor that has made for Selma Lagerlöf's recognition in America is the *Adventures of Nils*. Although Miss Lagerlöf is universal, she is saturated with her Swedish medium. Sweden is an old country. The national character is built upon a tradition of two thousand years. There is something that technical critics style the "anthropomorphic imagination." Miss Lagerlöf's books are steeped in fairy lore. Even in the most realistic pages, hidden voices come from the woods or out of the air; local bits of folklore as real to the Swedish peasant as his Bible. To a new people like ourselves, who were born yesterday and brought up in a steel factory, all this seems a little strange. But when Mrs. Howard gave *Nils* to our children they understood, and the youngsters taught us, and now they have grown older and we younger to appreciate the entire production of the Swedish authoress.

Every reader of Selma Lagerlöf is asked for his personal opinion as to the relative merits of her various novels. No two judges make the same choice. The present writer, without regard to the merit of the English translations, would place them in the following order: first, *Gösta Berling*, because in this work the pent-up passions of the author's youth are unloosed in a new style that finds free expression; second, *Jerusalem*, which strikes deeper into the roots of human experience, and is one of the world's masterpieces of religious fiction; third, *The Emperor*

of *Portugallia*, the most perfectly constructed of all Dr. Lagerlöf's books; fourth, *The Adventures of Nils*, an Odyssey of childhood; and fifth, *The Miracles of Antichrist*, because it is written in much the same rhapsodic prose as *Gösta Berling*. Do you, reader, agree with any part of this selection? H. G. L.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF PEACE AND THE TERMS OF ITS PERPETUATION.

By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price \$2.00.

This book is a continuation of Professor Veblen's able studies, in which he makes searching criticism of the existing economic system. In the present volume the analysis centers about the problem of an enduring peace. He holds that all the political and economic arrangements in modern states are such as lend themselves to the exploitation of nine-tenths of the population, who constitute "the common run" by the remaining one-tenth, composed, for example, of the "gentlemen investors" of Great Britain, the militarist class of Germany, and the business men of America. The most important agency for control in the hands of the favored tenth is patriotism, which is by no means an inborn characteristic of man but a feeling inculcated by persistent and painstaking effort of those few who have much to gain from the spirit of alienity, animosity, and jealousy between nations. It forms the great background for both domestic industrial exploitation and international strife. "Except on a broad basis of patriotic devotion and except under the direction of an ambitious governmental establishment, no serious international aggression is to be had." No enduring peace can come to the world until the patriotic sentiment is displaced by devotion to human welfare. But such a goal is probably not within reach of the coming generation. Unless the war continues until "the common man" is actually in control industrially and politically, the best attainable outcome will be a league to enforce peace. But imperialistic Germany cannot be admitted to the league, and therefore the war must be fought on until the German militarist class is eliminated.

Unfortunately the somewhat cumbersome style of the author may limit the number of readers. The value of the book lies in the breadth of view displayed and in the high level on which the argument runs. Whether or not one agrees with the author in some positions taken, one is forced to admire. DON CARLOS BARRETT.

WHO IS RIGHT IN THE WORLD WAR? By K. G. Ossiannilsson. Translated by W. F. Harvey. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 1917.

Ossiannilsson has written a bitter indictment of those in his country who side with Germany as a matter of practical politics without regard to moral right or wrong. Unequivocally he declares Germany in the wrong and taunts the Swedes with being the only civilized people that have not passed sentence on the violator of peace. After devoting a chapter each to presenting the case for England and France, he undertakes the—to a Swede—more difficult task of proving that Russia, too, the Russia before the Revolution, is right. It is Germany, not Russia, he declares, that is the hereditary enemy of Sweden. It was German intrigue that organized Russia in the days of Peter the Great to quell democratic Sweden. When Sweden freed the serfs and reduced the landed estates in the Baltic provinces, German princes grew alarmed at this subversive influence before their doors and intrigued with Russia to drive the Swedes back within their former landmarks. Germany diverted Peter the Great's interest from the south to the north, and in modern times the Germans have at once kept alive the Russian ambition for harbors in the north and the Scandinavian fear of that ambition. To Prussian influence the author credits the retardation of all liberal movements in Russia.

THORGILS. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1917.

It is a safe assertion that Maurice Hewlett will not enhance his reputation as a romancer by this book. In fact, it is a question in my mind whether or no he is guilty of a flagrant piece of plagiarism. There is not a word in the book to indicate that it "leans" heavily on the old Flóamanna saga; or, to be less euphemistic: all that is telling, in plot and detail, is the property of the saga, and the insipid padding is Hewlett's—the sentimental or would-be heroic babble which detracts from, rather than adds to, the stark horror of this tale of Icelandic colonists shipwrecked on the bleak coast of Greenland. Also, it is one thing, frankly to adopt the story of a saga and bring it nearer to modern readers by supplying new motifs; another, to show one's lack of creativeness by adopting all its incidents, bag and baggage, and then naïvely try to motivate them, even though they may run straight counter to our feelings or the need of the plot.

I may be over-critical in observing that a writer about Greenland might take sufficient pains to find out that timber houses were never built there in antiquity, much less with "broad eaves" and a chimney (!); that barley does not, and did not, ripen; that no forests exist there, etc. On the other hand, it is but fair to expect a writer of correct English to refrain from such barbarisms as "he don't" and the like.

L. M. H.

Brief Notes

Among the sundry functions of the Foundation office in New York is the giving of advice to and supplying lectures for women's clubs in various parts of the country. "We are devoting our Tuesday meetings this year to a study of Northern literature and folk-lore," writes the chairman of a coterie in a small city of Texas. "Where can we get pictures for our costume afternoon?" Prospective lecturers should send their leaflets to the Foundation. The Secretary will also be grateful for copies of club programs to add to his files, as a basis of suggestions for other clubs. One of the most attractive Scandinavian series arranged this season is that of the Woman's Club of New Britain, Connecticut.

Dr. Christian Brinton, the well-known American author and art critic, has received a decoration from the King of Sweden, and with it a diploma naming him Knight of the First Class in the Royal Order of Vasa. This honor was conferred upon Dr. Brinton in recognition of his services to Swedish art, especially in connection with the organizing of an exhibit of Swedish art which was shown in various cities in this country last year.

A chatty book, which introduces much information by the way, is *Cousin-Hunting in Scandinavia*, by Mary Wilhelmine Williams, published by Richard G. Badger in Boston. The author is an American of Scandinavian parentage, and in the course of her travel sketches from the three Northern countries touches the high lights of their history, literature, and modern progress. The book is fully illustrated.

"The words hunger and revolution have now been translated into every European language, including the Scandinavian."—*The New York Evening Post*.

S W E D E N

Strindberg · Lagerlöf

N O R W A Y

Björnson · Ibsen

D E N M A R K

Brandes · Drachmann

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE in the ORIGINAL LANGUAGES OFFERED

Buy your Scandinavian books in this country from the Publisher's authorized agency. They do not cost you more and you do not have to wait for the books, as we carry an enormous stock of the best literature right here in New York.

We can procure for you any book obtainable in either of the Scandinavian countries at the lowest rate and in shortest possible time. We supply the largest libraries in this country with all kinds of Scandinavian books.

Write to us for information about books you would like to get, or ask us to send you free catalogues.

LET US GET ACQUAINTED**ALBERT BONNIER PUBLISHING HOUSE,****561 Third Avenue, NEW YORK CITY**

U. S. Agency for all the Scandinavian Publishing Houses



D. B. UPDIKE
The Merrymount Press
 232 SUMMER STREET
 BOSTON

PRINTERS OF FINE BOOKS FOR
 BOOK CLUBS, INSTITUTIONS, AND
 PRIVATE PERSONS
 &c. &c. &c.

The Series of *Scandinavian Classics*, and Hustvedt's "Ballad Criticism" and Hovgaard's "Voyages of the Norsemen," in the *Scandinavian Monographs*, were printed for the American-Scandinavian Foundation by this Press.

When ordering Christmas presents visit

**THE SCANDINAVIAN
 ART SHOP**

728 MADISON AVENUE
 Near 64th Street
 NEW YORK

*November Exhibition of
 Lithographs by Sandzen
 Bas-reliefs by Haag*

The YULE NUMBER
 OF THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

will be ready early in December. It will
 contain an article by Nansen, a Prize
 Story, and a Color Supplement.

ORDER EXTRA COPIES NOW**ONLY 25 CENTS EACH**

When answering advertisements, please mention THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

HOME DEPARTMENT

Watch this column for Christmas suggestions. The "Yule Number" will be out early in December, with a color supplement. This department proposes to publish from time to time a variety of information, including extracts from some of the letters of inquiry received at this office, together with our answers, believing that the information thus given may often be of interest to others besides the individual letter writer.

One or two Norwegian tapestries give a wonderful air of warmth and snugness to a room. The soft vivid colors obtained by the use of vegetable dyes do not fade, and the texture is alike on both sides and almost indestructible. It is gratifying to see that Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota, has introduced Norwegian art-weaving as a part of its course. Information on the subject can be had by writing to the instructor, Mr. Olaf Fjelde.

QUERIES—SOME LETTERS AND ANSWERS

How about a New York performance of *Eyvind*? Judging from the *Boston Transcript* it was a great success in Boston, and, under similar auspices, would be the same in New York. R. T. A., New York.

Yes, *Eyvind of the Hills* was a great success in Boston. We tried to arrange for a performance in New York, but could find no way to overcome the heavy initial expense of bringing the play here from Boston. We hope that some theatrical manager will take it up in the future for production at a small theatre.

I have been trying to get some advice about the study of Scandinavian writers of today. So many of the famous ones have died in the past years, and it is the work of today of which I want to know. I am familiar with Lagerlöf and Ellen Key and Georg Brandes, and find abundant material about them. Heidenstam is only a name, and I have not been able to find any of his work in English. M. O. B., Charlestown, W. Va.

Heidenstam is not yet available in an English translation. We can strongly recommend the four-volume novel *Pelle the Conqueror*, by Martin Andersen Nexø, published by Henry Holt, as one of the greatest works of modern Danish literature. Scribner's have published *Shallow Soil* by Knut Hamsun, probably the greatest living Norwegian author, and Mitchell Kennerley has published two novels by Johan Bojer, a Norwegian novelist of some note, besides some Danish plays. On our own list of "Scandinavian Classics" you will find

The Scandinavian Art Shop

728 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Invites you to inspect its collection of
Tönder Laces

These laces make a special appeal because of their beauty and durability, as well as being very choice examples of one of the oldest lace-making industries in Europe.

Markt & Hammacher Co.

NEW YORK

Sole Agents for the

CELEBRATED

SWEDISH



ENAMEL

UTENSILS

White Outside and Inside. Blue Rims

SOLD BY THE BEST RETAIL STORES
Quotations to Merchants Sent on Application

Phone Greeley 4354

M. WAIN—Tailor

Some of the best dressed men are amongst my customers. High-grade clothes made at moderate prices.

366 FIFTH AVENUE

Above 34th Street

10th Floor

Jóhann Sigurjónsson, a young Icelandic dramatist of today.

I am trying to arrange a programme for a woman's club, the subject to be Scandinavian literature. Can you recommend a good study of Scandinavian literature to be used as a guide in making this programme? J. C. C., Versailles, Ky.

Horn's *Scandinavian Literature* is still the only general study of the subject in English. Mr. Edwin Björkman is at work upon a history of modern Scandinavian literature, but the book has not yet appeared. *Scandinavia of the Scandinavians*, by Henry Goddard Leach, published by Scribner's, has several chapters on literature which might prove helpful to you.

I am going to take the liberty of asking you to give me a list of books in which you think I might find material for a paper on "Scandinavian Education and Religion." Can you also refer me to the proper department for information in regard to the average intelligence of Scandinavian immigrants? Mrs. H. J. G., Louisville, Ky.

The following works will be suggestive: *The School System of Norway*, by David Allen Andersen, published by Richard D. Badger, and *The Danish People's High School, Including a General Account of the Education System of Denmark*, by Martin Hegland, U. S. Bureau of Education Bulletin, 1915, No. 45. For the average intelligence of the Scandinavian immigrants, there are the following: *The Scandinavian Element in the United States*, by Kendrick Charles Babcock, published by the University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. (Especially Chapter 9, "The Religious and Intellectual Standpoint"), and *The Scandinavian-American*, by Alfred O. Fonkalsrud, published by K. C. Holter, Minneapolis.

TRADE NOTES

News and Comment on Exports and Trade Conditions Between America and the Scandinavian Countries.

EXPORTS

At present there is not much to be said about exports from the United States to Scandinavia. We hope for better days—soon. Mr. Hoover has given personal assurance that the neutrals shall not starve. Washington reports assert that the government is still waiting for complete statistics about the Northern countries and their needs.

COMMISSIONS

The Scandinavian Trade Commissions seem destined to see the winter through in Washington. Minister Lagercrantz has returned to Sweden, and in his

place we have Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm, the eminent geologist and mining operator, who has joined Mr. Axel Robert Nordvall as delegate of the Swedish Government. Dr. Frithjof Nansen is still in Washington as head of the Norwegian Mission to the United States, of which Mr. W. Morgenstjerne is secretary. Denmark technically has no trade commission to this country, but a trade department connected with the legation. Commercial Advisor J. E. Bøggild is at present also acting as Consul General in New York in the absence of Mr. Bech, while Mr. N. W. Boeg, the secretary of this department, is stationed in Washington. Mr. H. P. Prior and Mr. C. Cold have also recently visited Washington in advisory capacity for Denmark.

SWEDISH IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION

THOMAS TOWNE,
Vice-President and General Manager

General Offices,
12 PLATT STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"SISCO" PRODUCTS

FINE TOOL AND ALLOY STEELS
in Billets, Bars, Discs, Blocks, and Sheets

Common and Deep Drawing Steel Sheets
High Speed Steel Cold Rolled Strip Steel
Drill Rods Drawn Bars
Swedish Iron Sisco Welding Wire
High Grade Specialties

Catalogues and information on request

BRANCH OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES

BROOKLYN CLEVELAND NEW ORLEANS
BOSTON CHICAGO DENVER
PHILADELPHIA DETROIT MONTREAL, Can.
STOCKHOLM, Sweden

Benham & Boyesen Inc.

Ship Brokers

*Steamship
and
Commission Agents*

General Freight Agents for
Norwegian America Line

8-10 Bridge Street

New York

Specialty: EXPORT—IMPORT—SCANDINAVIAN TRADE NEW YORK FORWARDING CO., Inc.

Only Scandinavian Forwarders in New York

FREIGHT BROKERS

GENERAL FORWARDERS

INSURANCE

Telephone, Broad { 5268
5279
5966

Agents
Gothenburg
Stockholm

Branch Offices
Bergen
Kristiania, Kirkegaten 6B
Copenhagen, Peder Skramsgade 28

OSCAR A. OLSEN, General Manager, 15 Whitehall St., NEW YORK

Members of
New York Produce
Exchange



Cable Address:
"Norameric" New York
A.B.C. Code Fifth Edition,
Watkins Scotts and Private

Norwegian American Trading Co.

INCORPORATED

15-25 Whitehall Street, New York, U. S. A.

EXPORT:

Food Products, Metals and Machinery, Drugs, and Chemicals,
Manila Rope, and Cotton Yarns

Flour, Lard, Oleo, Oil, Hams, Bacon, Beef, Pork, Sugar, Syrup, Molasses, Apples, Coffees, Peas and Beans. Steel Wire, Coke, Tin Plate, Galvanized Steel Plates, Plumbers' Supplies, Motors, and all kinds of Machinery. *Write for Catalogue*

IMPORT:

Canned, Salt, and Dry Fish, Fertilizer, Fish Oils, Wood Pulp, and Sulphites

GENERAL REPRESENTATIVE IN NORWAY FOR EXPORTS:

R. STEPHANSEN SMITH, 3 Tordenskjolds Gt., Kristiania.

JENS GRAN & SÖN, Bergen

References: National City Bank of New York; New York Produce Exchange Bank, N. Y.; Kristiania Bank og Kreditkasse, Kristiania; Centralbanken for Norge, Kristiania; Bradstreets Commercial Agency

"The time has come to conquer or submit."

"For us there is but one choice. We have made it."—WOODROW WILSON,
President of the United States.

"Shall we be more tender with our *DOLLARS*
than with the *LIVES* of our *SONS*?"—WILLIAM G. McADOO,
Secretary of the U. S. Treasury.

PATRIOTISM—LOYALTY—THRIFT

Make it YOUR DUTY to subscribe for

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS of the SECOND LIBERTY LOAN of 1917

They are issued in denominations of \$50.00, \$100.00 and larger. The interest is 4%, payable every six months. You can pay *cash* or in *installments* as follows:

2% upon application	40% December 15, 1917
18% November 15, 1917	40% January 15, 1918

See your banker, your postmaster, your employer or the local *Liberty Loan Committee*. They'll advise and help you. They'll furnish you the official blank. There's no better security in the world than

LIBERTY BONDS—SUBSCRIBE NOW!

FINANCIAL

*Notes About Issues in the Financial World
Most Interesting to Readers of the Review*

THE SECOND LIBERTY LOAN

Probably every subscriber to the REVIEW has, before this magazine comes to hand, acquired some share in the second Liberty Loan. The broadly democratic participation in the first loan was one of the most encouraging features of American financing. The present loan offers a more attractive rate of interest, four per cent. instead of three and one-half, except to those whose incomes are fortunately so large that the bonds become taxable. This time certificates are ready for delivery, so that the man on the farm may see the value of his money in hand without waiting patiently upon the government.

Apparently most of the unmarried bond sellers who gave their time to the last loan have now gone off to the wars. In their place corps of volunteer workers have had to be trained. One subscriber to the REVIEW, well known to many readers, is now stationed at a precinct building in the Italian district in New York training a staff of volunteers to educate the grandsons of sunny Italy to the value of investing in Uncle Sam.

RAILROAD BONDS

For the man who wishes to get seven or eight per cent. on his investments, railroad bonds selling at the present low figures offer, with a greater degree of safety, as large a return as the preferred stock of choice indus-

tries. Quotations may go lower, but certainly present conditions afford amazing bargains in railroad securities. It is not difficult to run the eye down a current stock exchange list and pick out half a dozen reliable first mortgage issues yielding seven per cent. on the present investment, not to mention the possibility of the increased value of the bonds after the war, and the day of uncertainty is over. There are the various Erie issues, one of them selling at present on a better than eight per cent. basis. One of our Associates, an investor of tried experience, who has examined into the earnings and possibilities of the Erie Railroad, expresses his conviction that Erie First General 4s, selling at 54, are as wise an investment for the average private individual as some municipal 4s selling around 100.

EXCHANGE

With a lot going out of Scandinavia, and little coming in except gold and credit, it is not surprising that exchange has reacted violently in favor of the Northern neutrals. Early in October the Swedish krona had risen from a normal value of 26.7 cents to an exchange value of 37.5 cents, an increase of forty per cent. This is a remarkable exhibition of financial strength compared with the decline in the Russian ruble from 51.5 in peace time to an unsteady 15 cents' worth today. The Scandinavian Trust Company in New York offers ready and inexpensive cable facilities for those who wish to send money to the Northern capitals without incurring the trouble, delay, and uncertainty of mailing drafts.

Are You Improving Your Investments?

MANY investors who purchased sound securities under conditions entirely different from those which exist today should recognize the changes which have taken place during the past few years and endeavor to adjust their holdings so as to benefit by the attractive returns present prices make possible.

We have some suggestions which we should be glad to offer for consideration to those who communicate with us either by mail or in person.

Write to Mr. Niels Frode Holch

A. B. LEACH & COMPANY, Inc.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

62 CEDAR STREET,

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

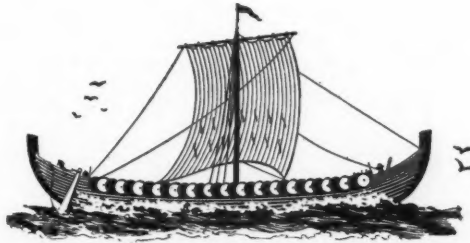
PHILADELPHIA

BUFFALO

BOSTON

BALTIMORE

When answering advertisements, please mention THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



Scandinavian Trust Company

56 Broadway, New York

Paid-in Capital and Surplus, \$2,500,000

THIS company has been established to meet the large and growing business and financial relations between the United States and the Scandinavian countries, and for the purpose of providing facilities for general and domestic banking.

A. V. OSTROM, President

B. E. SMYTHE, Vice-President

T. BARTH, Vice-President

J. C. TRAPHAGEN, Secretary

D. CARDOZO, Asst.-Secretary

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JOHS. ANDERSEN.....	J. Andersen & Company
KNUT BACHKE.....	Andresens Bank, Christiania
CHARLES E. BEDFORD.....	Vice-President, Vacuum Oil Company
JAMES F. BELL.....	Vice-President, Washburn-Crosby Company
JOHN E. BERWIND.....	Vice-President, Berwind-White Coal Mining Co.
R. R. BROWN.....	First Vice-President, American Surety Company
WILLIAM R. COE.....	Chairman, Johnson & Higgins
GERHARD M. DAHL.....	Vice-President, Chase National Bank
S. E. DAHL.....	Centralbanken for Norge, Christiania
W. EDWARD FOSTER.....	Treasurer, American Sugar Refining Company
SAMUEL L. FULLER.....	Kissel, Kinnicutt & Company
EDWARD F. GEER.....	Shipowner
CHARLES S. HAIGHT.....	Haight, Sanford & Smith
G. KAMSTRUP HEGGE.....	Den Norske Creditbank, Christiania
EDWIN O. HOLTER.....	Attorney
FREDERICK W. HVOSLEF.....	Bennett, Hvoslef & Company
N. BRUCE MACKELVIE.....	Hayden, Stone & Company
ALEXANDER V. OSTROM.....	President
BIRGER OSLAND.....	General Western Agent, Norwegian-America Line
E. A. CAPPELEN SMITH.....	Guggenheim Brothers

ESTABLISHED 1879

STATE BANK OF CHICAGO

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

CAPITAL.....	\$1,500,000.00
SURPLUS.....	3,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....	867,000.00

OFFICERS

LEROY A. GODDARD
 President
HENRY A. HAUGAN
 Vice-President
HENRY S. HENSCHEN
 Cashier
FRANK I. PACKARD
 Assistant Cashier
C. EDWARD CARLSON
 Assistant Cashier
WALTER J. COX
 Assistant Cashier
EDWARD A. SCHROEDER
 Assistant Cashier
SAMUEL E. KNECHT
 Secretary
WILLIAM C. MILLER
 Assistant Secretary

CHECKING ACCOUNTS

of individuals, firms and corporations are solicited. Loans made on approved names or collaterals.

WILLS AND TRUSTS

This bank's Trust Department is equipped to handle with skill and experience its clients' wills, estates, agencies, trusteeships, etc., and is authorized by law to act in such matters.

INVESTMENTS

Clients wishing to avail themselves of the bank's experience in selecting safe investments are invited to call on or write our Bond Department or Real Estate Loan Department for choice bonds and mortgages yielding 5½ and 6 per cent. interest. These can be had in amounts from \$500 and upwards.

DIRECTORS

DAVID N. BARKER
J. J. DAU
 Chairman, Reid, Murdoch & Co.
LEROY A. GODDARD
 President
HENRY A. HAUGAN
 Vice-President
H. G. HAUGAN
 Retired
OSCAR H. HAUGAN
 Manager Real Estate Loan Dept.
A. LANQUIST
 President Lanquist & Illsley Co.
WM. A. PETERSON
 Proprietor Peterson Nursery
CHAS. PIEZ
 President Link Belt Co.
GEO. E. RICECORDS
 Chicago Title & Trust Company
MOSES J. WENTWORTH
 Capitalist

EMPIRE TRUST COMPANY

120 Broadway NEW YORK 580 Fifth Avenue

London Office, 41 Threadneedle Street

Resources, February 28, 1917, Over \$46,000,000

The Fifth Avenue Office of this Company, corner 47th Street, is accessibly situated for anyone desiring the services of an Uptown Banking Institution.

Careful and courteous attention given to any business entrusted to it.

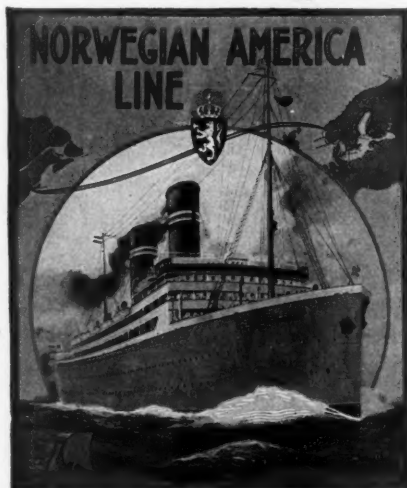
Interest may be arranged upon accounts subject to check.

Certificates of Deposit, maturing at a date to suit the needs of the depositor, issued at favorable rates of interest.

EMPIRE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

Safe Deposit Vaults

Norwegian America Line



Modern Twin Screw Steamers
16,000 tons displacement, 530 feet long,
16½ knots speed

Route

Steamers take the shortest route (North of Scotland), direct to Bergen, from whence railroad and steamship connections may be made to all points in Scandinavia, Finland, Russia and other parts of the Continent. Bergen-Kristiania Scenic Railway may be used without extra charge.

All passengers must secure passports or consular certificates

Travellers

can arrange for all details of travel in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and other parts of the Continent during the voyage, as representatives from Bennett's Tourist Office are stationed on board our ships for the purpose of furnishing information in regard to train connections, securing sleeping car and hotel accommodations, arranging itineraries, etc.

No Contraband or Ammunition Supplies Carried

Accommodations: The steamers are new, modern and efficiently equipped for the utmost safety and comfort of passengers. First-class staterooms are situated amidships on the Promenade and Shelter Deck. Cabins De Luxe on upper promenade.

For further particulars apply to

NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE PASSENGER AGENCY, Inc.
8 and 10 Bridge St., New York

HOBE & CO.
General Northwestern Passenger Agents
123 South Third Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

BIRGER OSLAND & CO.
General Western Passenger Agents
115 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

REIDAR GJØLME
General Pacific Coast Agent
115 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.

NORWAY MEXICO GULF LINE AND SWEDISH AMERICA MEXICO LINE

Regular service between GÖTEBORG, CHRISTIANIA and STAVANGER and NEWPORT NEWS, VA., HAVANA, CUBA, GALVESTON, TEX., and NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Passengers Carried

Wireless Apparatus

FEARNLEY & EGER, Christiania

AGENTS

SANDSTRÖM STRANNE & CO., Ltd., Goteborg

FURNESS WITHY & CO., Ltd., New York, N. Y. and Newport News, Va.

32 BROADWAY

JAS. P. ROBERTSON
111 West Jackson Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

FOWLER & McVITIE
Galveston, Tex.

LYKES BROS.
Havana, Cuba

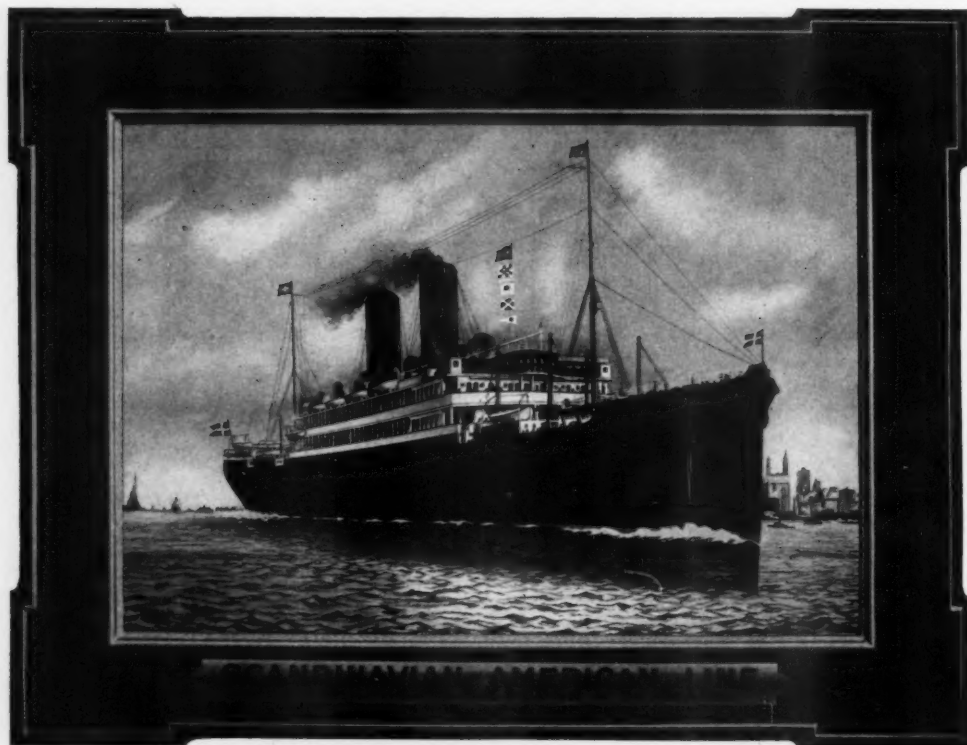
GEO. PLANT
1119 Whitney Central Bldg.
New Orleans, La.

Recommendation for Associate
of the

AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

I nominate.....

Address.....

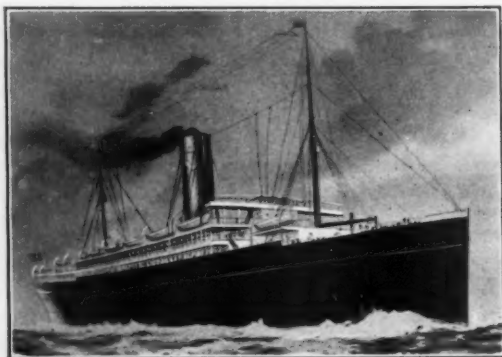


A. E. JOHNSON & Co., Inc., 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE

(SVENSKA AMERIKA LINIEN)

Direct Passenger Service between New York and Gothenburg, Sweden.
Short Route to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Russia and other
parts of the European Continent



Twin-Screw S.S. "STOCKHOLM"
Length 565 Feet. 22,070 Tons Displacement
Largest Steamer in Service between America and Scandinavia

Twin-Screw S.S. "Stockholm"

is provided with all modern safety appliances, and every care is taken to give the passengers a safe and comfortable journey.

Unsurpassed passenger appointments in First, Second and Third Classes.

RATES

To Scandinavian Points:

First Class	\$150.00 and up
Second Class	105.00
Third Class	62.00

*Reserve Berths Now and Secure Tickets Through
Nearest Local Agent or*

NIELSEN & LUNDBECK, General Passenger Agents, 24 State Street, New York.
MARTIN MAURD, General Western Agent, 183 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago.
NILS NILSON, General Northwestern Agent, 127 S. Third St., Minneapolis.
BRATTSTROM & CO., General No. Pacific Agents, 117 Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.
A. HALLONQUIST, General Agent, 396 Logan Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Can.

The Splendid S.S. "Stockholm" is in regular service between New York and Gothenburg.
Apply to nearest agency for sailing dates.

When answering advertisements, please mention THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

REDFIELD-KENDRICK-ODELL CO
NEW YORK CITY

The American-Scandinavian Review

VOLUME V NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1917 NUMBER 6

Published Bi-Monthly by THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION, 25 West 45th Street, New York
Yearly Subscription, \$1.50. (One dollar to Associates of the Foundation.) Single Copies, 25 cents
Entered as second-class matter, January 4, 1913, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879
Copyright, 1916, The American-Scandinavian Foundation

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Literary Editor*

Advisors

New York, HAMILTON HOLT
Stockholm, CARL LAURIN

Copenhagen, HARALD NIELSEN
Christiania, CHRISTIAN COLLIN

CONTENTS


	PAGE
BUST OF ELLEN KEY. By David Edström	Cover
CONTRIBUTORS	325
ELLEN KEY AT STRAND. By H. A. L. Four Illustrations	327
WOMAN'S SPHERE IN CARTOONS. Drawings by F. S. Palmer ..	332
SOME DANISH WOMEN. By H. G. L. Seven Illustrations	335
A PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. HENRIK IBSEN. By W. H. Schofield. Illustration	340
GUSTAF FRÖDING. Portrait	342
CONTEMPORARY SWEDISH POETRY. By C. W. Stork	343
THREE OF OUR FRIENDS. Three Illustrations	349
FREDRIKA BREMER IN 1850. Portrait	350
TO FREDRIKA BREMER. Poem. By J. G. Whittier	350
A MEETING IN HAVANA. By A. B. Benson	351
THE WAR BRIDE. Sonnet. By M. F. Egan	356
SENTENCES FROM CAMILLA COLLETT. Portrait	357
CRYING FOR BREAD. Illustration	360
ROOT THEM OUT. Cartoon by Cesare	361
ST. BIRGITTA OF SWEDEN. Illustration	362
EDITORIAL: Spurlos Versenkt, The Swedish People Speak, What of Finland? Chips of the Old Block, Scandinavian Programmes, A New Foundation	365
CURRENT EVENTS. Denmark, Sweden, Norway	370
BOOKS: The Northland Edition, An Inquiry Into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of Its Perpetuation, Who Is Right in the World War? Thorgils	373
BRIEF NOTES	375



FOUNDED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911



ESTABLISHED 1746

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

and

DANISH ARTS, Inc.
563 FIFTH AVENUE, Near 46th St., NEW YORK*Royal Copenhagen Porcelains—Denizens of the Forest*

AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS, Royal Copenhagen Porcelains are ideal. One never tires of contemplating the graceful beauty of line; the soft, restrained, exquisite colorings; the rich lustre of the glaze. There is an inspiration in each separate piece. They are modeled by eminent Danish artists. **DINNER SERVICES**—Blue Fluted Copenhagen pattern for twelve persons, comprising 108 pieces, price \$100. **TEA SETS** for six persons, of 29 pieces, price \$18.50. Miniature representations of human and animal life which are one of the delights of all the world. **Table Centre Pieces**, price \$20 to \$35. In the collection are hand-decorated Vases bearing exquisite marine scenes. **Flower Holders and Plaques** at prices from \$5 up. Send for illustrated booklet.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

The Swedes in America should give their friends here these books as gifts for Christmas and for other occasions.



Start now to collect the beautiful new Northland Edition of this Swedish writer whose fame has spanned the world.

THE NORTHLAND EDITION

Nine volumes, for the first time in a uniform limp leather binding, of these great short stories and novels. Each volume, Net \$1.75. Nine Volumes, boxed, Net \$15.75. Any bookstore will be glad to show you this edition.

Translated by Velma Swanston Howard.

JERUSALEM.

THE EMPEROR OF PORTUGALLIA.

THE GIRL FROM THE MARSH CROFT.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF NILS.

Translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach.

THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING.

THE MIRACLES OF ANTICHRIST.

INVISIBLE LINKS.

Translated by Jessie Brochner.

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD.

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, New York, who will be glad to send free to any admirer of Miss Lagerlöf an attractive 81-page booklet about her life and work.

War, Peace, and the Future

A consideration of Nationalism and Internationalism, and of the Relation of Women to the War. By

ELLEN KEY

The Century of the Child

The thorough understanding of child life and the sympathetic way in which it deals with child culture should recommend it to every intelligent mother.

"She (Miss Key) is probably the most convincing, the broadest and most cosmopolitan woman writer of the day. . . . At sixty-two, she brings to bear on the question mature judgment, firm convictions, a lifetime of observation and study."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Love and Marriage

"In 'Love and Marriage' we feel that we are in the inspiring presence of a woman whose personality is one of the chief moral forces of our time."—*Have-lock Ellis*.

EIGHT VOLUMES by ELLEN KEY

War, Peace, and the Future

Crown 8°. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

The Century of the Child

12°. With Portrait. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

The Woman Movement

12°. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

Rahel Varnhagen

A Portrait.

12°. With Portraits. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

Ellen Key, Her Life and Her Work. A Critical Study. By Louise Nyström Hamilton. 12°. With Portrait. \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.35.

Love and Marriage

12°. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

The Younger Generation

12°. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

The Renaissance of Motherhood

12°. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

The Education of the Child

Reprinted from *The Century of the Child*.

12° 75 cents net. By mail, 85 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, Publishers, 2 West 45th Street, New York
Write for booklet

AUTUMN PUBLICATIONS OF THE FOUNDATION

Published October 15

"Scandinavian Classics"

Vol.

(VII)

Marie Grubbe

A Lady of the Seventeenth Century

By J. P. Jacobsen

Translated by Hanna Astrup Larsen

Jacobsen's famous novel is at last presented for the first time in English.

The *Nation*, in its issue for June 7, regretted that the Foundation had not yet included in its series of SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS "such significant time-tested works, for example, as J. P. Jacobsen's *Niels Lyhne* and *Fru Marie Grubbe*." At that time *Marie Grubbe* was already in type.

The translator is well known to *Review* reader as Literary Editor and contributor to other magazines.

(VIII)

Arnljot Gelline

A Verse Romance

By Björnsterne Björnson

Translated by William Morton Payne

As editor of the *Dial* (Chicago) and essayist, Mr. Payne has proved his fine sympathy for Northern literature.

Of Björnson's *Arnljot Gelline* H. H. Boyesen says: "Never has he found a more daring and tremendous expression for the spirit of old Norse paganism than in this powerful but somewhat chaotic poem. Never has any one gazed more deeply into the ferocious heart of the primitive, predatory man, whose free, wild soul has not yet been tamed by social obligations and the scourge of the law."

(IX) Anthology of Swedish Lyrics

From 1750 to 1915

Collected and translated by Charles Wharton Stork.

This is a careful and representative selection from the great Swedish lyrists, Bellman, Wennerberg, Rydberg, Runeberg, Snoilsky, Karlfeldt, Heidenstam, Fröding and many others. Dr. Stork appeared as a translator last year with a volume of Fröding "like a fresh wind out of the Northland" (*Pittsburgh Post*) where "the thirsty may drink liquid lines to his heart's content." (*World*, N. Y.)

Price \$1.50 each.

"Scandinavian Monographs"

Volume III

The King's Mirror

Translated from the Old Norwegian of the 13th Century

By

Laurence
Marcellus
Larson

Professor of History in the
University of Illinois

This is the first English translation of the book of instruction used at the court of Hakon the Old. It will be welcomed by Norwegian scholars everywhere: for the *Speculum Regale* is the chief Norwegian prose monument from the period when the sagas were written down in Iceland. Professor Larson furnishes also a long and valuable introduction. He is widely known as author of *Canute the Great* and a history of England.

Price, \$3.00

THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York

T

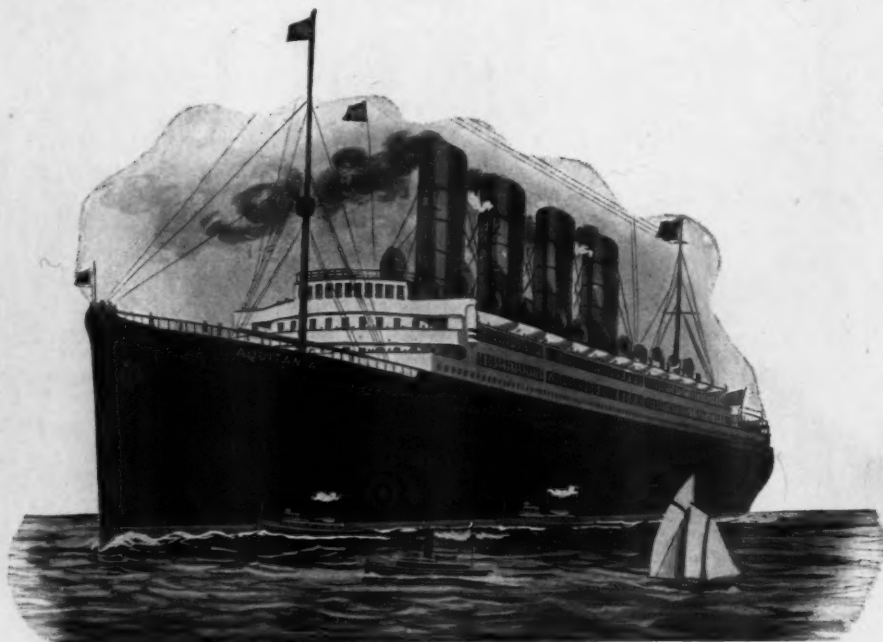
”

an

ns-
uc-
of
vel-
ars
um
ian
the
ere
Pro-
o a
ion.
hor
his-

T

CUNARD LINE



AQUITANIA

MAURETANIA

Fastest Passenger Service in the World
To and from the Scandinavian Countries

Record trip, New York to Gothenburg, 7 days, 7 hours, 45 minutes

Quickest Route to Europe

SERVICES AS FOLLOWS:

NEW YORK—LIVERPOOL

NEW YORK—BRISTOL

BOSTON—LIVERPOOL

MONTREAL—QUEBEC—BRISTOL

NEW YORK—FALMOUTH—LONDON

NEW YORK—MEDITERRANEAN

BOSTON—LONDON

MONTREAL—QUEBEC—LONDON

Special through rates to Egypt, India, China, Japan, Philippines,
Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and South America

TRIPS AROUND THE WORLD: \$474.85 First Class, \$380 Second Class

DRAFTS, MONEY ORDERS, MAIL OR CABLE

GREAT BRITAIN

SCANDINAVIA

HOLLAND

FINLAND

ITALY SPAIN

PORTUGAL

FRANCE

SWITZERLAND

THE CUNARD STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED

21-24 STATE STREET

NEW YORK

Offices or Agents Everywhere

D
K